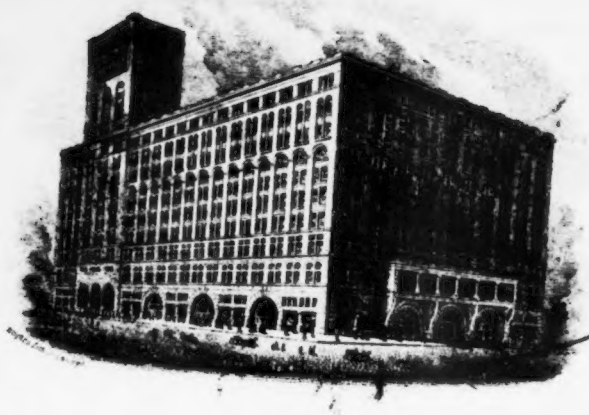
THE
AMERICAN WEST



Auditorium Hotel
Ruskin & Southgate
Chicago, 189

New Rochelle — Saturday

My dear Uriel —

Have gotten the "Crocodiles" — don't bother —
I am off on Tuesday — for Chicago —
Leavenworth Riley — Wingate — New Mexico — Hope to
meet Speciman Jones? —
I sent an "ile paulin" — Mexican cavalry
to Grant — officers mess — nice of me, wasn't it?
Keep me informed when you discharge
M.S at Aldens. —

Yours faithfully
Frederic Remington

New Mexican fantasia. —

30 MAR 1972
SOCIAL SCIENCES

COVER: This letter, written by Frederic Remington to his friend Owen Wister, is reproduced and published herewith for the first time. More information concerning this and other letters, including an important announcement for readers of western Americana, appears on pages 27–35.

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THE

AMERICAN WEST

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THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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March 1972 / Volume IX, Number 2

Sponsored by the Western History Association

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES PER YEAR — JANUARY / MARCH / MAY / JULY / SEPTEMBER / NOVEMBER

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THE AMERICAN WEST is published in January, March, May, July, September, November, by American West Publishing Company, 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. Single copies: $2.00. Subscriptions: $9.00; two years $16.00; three years $23.00 *(outside U.S. $1.00 per year extra)*. Manuscripts and communications from subscribers should be sent to the above address; members of the Western History Association should address all communications to Everett L. Cooley, P.O. Box 8005, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.
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What is left of the Old Plank Road, which used to traverse a good part of California's Imperial Valley before the emergence of modern thoroughfares.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION OF HIGHWAYS

The Building of Fort Churchill

Blueprint for a Military Fiasco, 1860

by Ferol Egan

Captain Joseph Stewart, who oversaw the beginnings of Fort Churchill.

NEVADA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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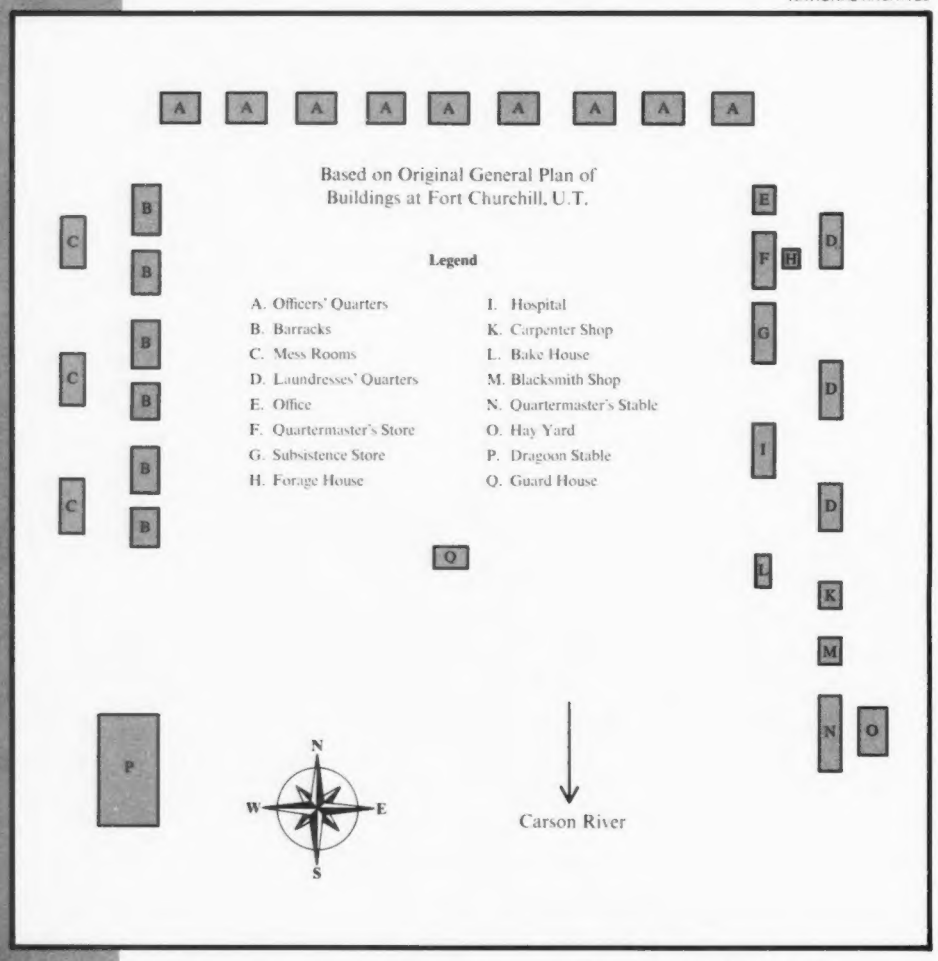
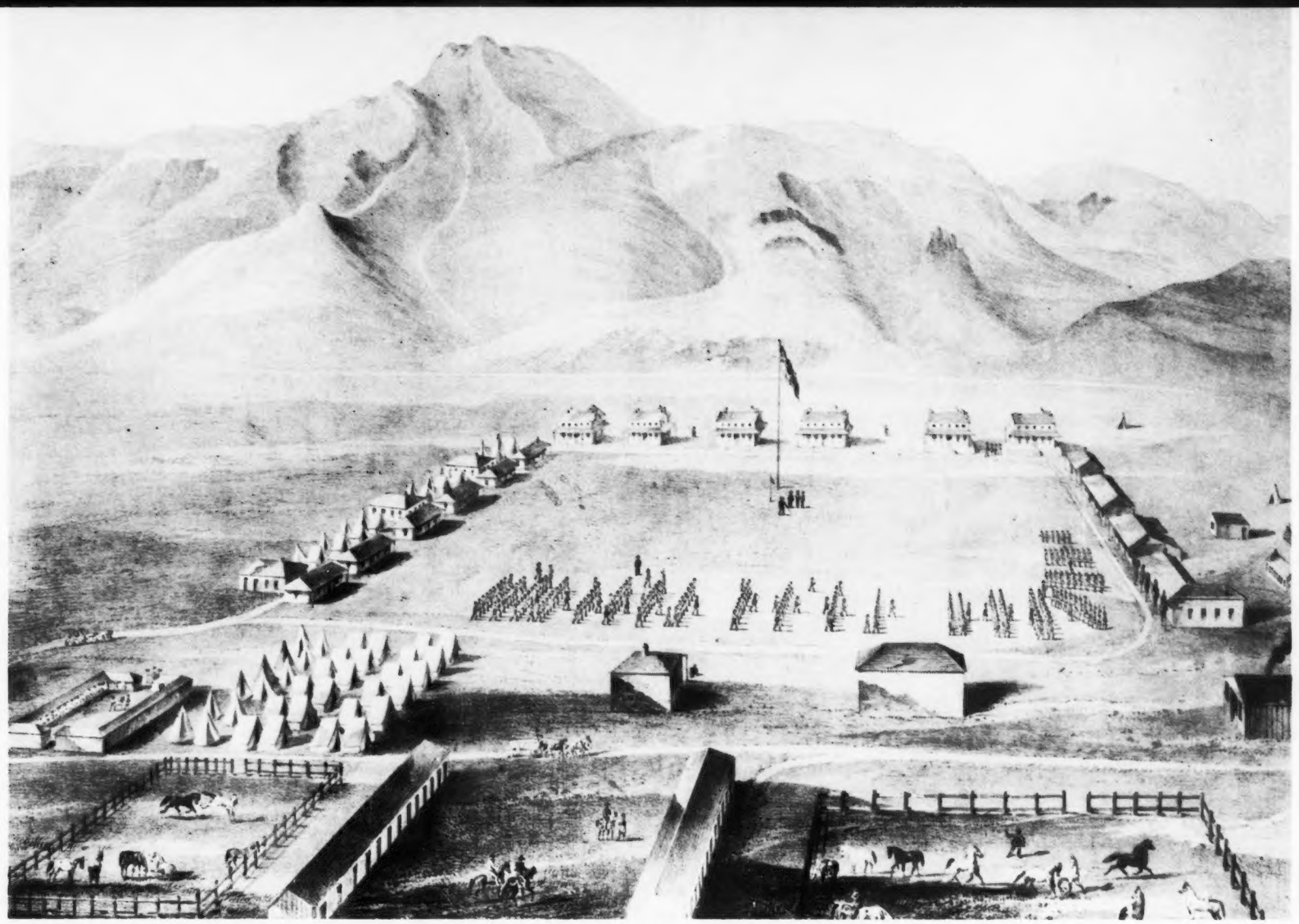


The original—and optimistic—plan of Fort Churchill, where the men would have all the comforts of home.

THE SHOOTING and dying had ended before the days of June had run their course. The combined force of volunteers from the Comstock country and regulars from California had "won" the second battle against the warriors from Pyramid Lake. Actually, the Paiutes had not given up, but had just quietly vanished in the vast desert wilderness to the north. Nevertheless, the citizen soldiers of the "Washoe Regiment" claimed victory. They packed their gear, marched back to Virginia City, enjoyed the cheers of the stay-at-homes as they drank whiskey toasts to the memory of lost comrades, drifted back to civilian life and the business of trying to strike it rich. For them, the Paiute War of 1860 was over.

Such was not the case for the professional soldiers. Commanded by Captain Joseph Stewart of the Third U.S. Artillery, the Carson Valley Expedition had been ordered by Brigadier General N. S. Clarke to cross the Sierra Nevada and save the silver hunters of Utah Territory from a war provoked by their own mistreatment of the Paiutes. The soldiers in this army of rescue had come from Fort Alcatraz, the Presidio of San Francisco, and Benicia Barracks. As regular army men, they had no personal stake in the lonely sagebrush country of the Great Basin; with their task of defending the civilians out of the way, they were anxious to



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This 1861 lithograph depicts the fort, with its residences, parade ground, and stables, as it was actually built, in contrast with the proposed plan of construction (facing page).

get out of this barren land and head back across the high mountains to easier duty at their regular posts.

But as June passed into July, as the cold of early summer gave way to desert heat, another order from General Clarke reached Captain Stewart. The troops were not to go home just yet; there were too many requests for protection from the residents, from the owners of the Pony Express (who claimed a loss of $75,000 during May and June because of Paiute depredations), from stagecoach owners and drivers, from trail grogshop owners—all of whom saw the Paiutes as a fulltime threat to travel on the Overland Road.

The orders were specific. Captain Stewart was to select a site at the Big Bend of the Carson River where he and his men could construct a post that would accommodate two companies of infantry and one of dragoons. In short, they were to build a fort to protect the Overland Road and the people of the country. "Construction," General Clarke wrote, was "to be of the simplest character with materials most easily procured. . . . Work on these structures will be pushed with vigor by the labor of the whole command."

The Big Bend of the Carson River was a logical location for a military post. At this point, the California Trail—fast becoming the Overland Road—broke out of the desolate Carson Sink to hit fresh water and meadow grass at the river crossing. On the south side of the river Samuel S. Buckland had staked out a ranch in the fall of 1859, built a bridge across the river, and constructed a rough-hewn station where weary Overland Stage travelers could buy supplies, hot meals, and a drink of throat-burning whiskey. He also provided board for the stage drivers and took care of their draft animals.

Captain Stewart looked over the area and decided that the south side of the river was where the fort should be built. But Samuel Buckland was not about to give up his spread without a protest. He talked at length to Stewart and the other officers, and pointed out the many advantages of constructing the fort on the north side of the river. They listened to his persuasive arguments, and, as Buckland wrote in later years, "At my suggestion they finally concluded to place it on the North side." Then, to show he had no personal interest, Buckland added, "Time demonstrated the wisdom of this course, as a better view was gained, and access was easier with supplies."

The area chosen included much more ground than the actual site of the fort. But even though no formal reserve was established, Captain Stewart declared that the military reservation lay on both sides of the river. Altogether, the land embraced by the reserve came to 1,384 acres in a roughly rhomboidal shape, most of it consisting of sandy soil, sage-

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The silent story of what happened to Fort Churchill: a rare photo of the site as it looked in the early 1920s.

NEVADA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Today, like a twentieth-century Stonehenge, the crumbling adobe of the old fort is a monument to another time, another way of life.

brush, and outcroppings of bare rock. There was some meadowland along the banks of the river, and nearby there was a hay ranch owned by Richard Gassaway Watkins — the same one-legged Watkins who had fought with bravery and distinction with the late Major Ormsby's ill-fated volunteer army in the first Battle of Truckee River. Other than Watkins' hayfields, there was little in the way of forage. The meadows and the swampy ground where the river spread out during the spring runoff were all that the officers could see.

Watkins was a mere civilian as far as the army was concerned, and his hayfields were looked upon with covetous favor by both Captain Stewart and his quartermaster, Captain Tredwell Moore. After all, the army needed horses and mules. Horses and mules needed forage. So hayfields, in this land where most of the soil was as productive as cold campfire ashes, were an important military asset.

But forage for animals was only one of the problems facing the officers. The construction of a suitable fort required building materials, and there wasn't much lumber for cutting. There were a few groves of cottonwoods and aspens scattered along the riverbanks, and some willow thickets. Beyond this, the barren land offered only sagebrush, greasewood, and, high on the windswept hills, a thin scattering of squatty

piñon pines. Yet, the order was as clear as a mountain spring: General Clarke had said they were to build a fort, and that they were going to do.

EVEN BEFORE plans were completely drafted, Captain Stewart was concerned about selecting a proper name for the post. To him it seemed fitting to name it after General Sylvester Churchill, inspector general — an old line officer from Vermont who had been commissioned on March 12, 1812, had established his reputation in a long and distinguished military career, and even as an old man had been decorated for gallant and meritorious conduct at the Battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War. On July 23, 1860, Captain Stewart wrote to Headquarters, Department of California:

Post on the Carson River, U.T.
July 23rd, 1860

Major:
I would respectfully suggest that this post be known as Fort Churchill in honor of General Sylvester Churchill, Inspector General.

I have the honor to be
Very respectfully,
Your obt. Servt.
J. STEWART
Capt. 3rd Arty.
Comdg.

Major W. W. Mackall
Asst. Adjt. General
Hd. Qurs. Dept. California

Here was a name to place on the map, an identity, a dog tag for a lonely outpost at the Big Bend of the Carson River. A name gives reality and thus a piece of sandy, sage-covered ground in the desert found its name. Now it was the duty of Captain Stewart and his command to build a fort to carry the name.

As the officers drew tentative plans, they tried to follow General Clarke's orders exactly, but were faced with difficulties throughout because the general's instructions were so specific. He wanted the quarters, storehouses, and stables to be built with the materials at hand and by the men of the command. He wanted a sufficient store of supplies secured for the troops and a sufficient amount of hay to be stored for the stock. He also made it quite clear that, at the discretion of the commanding officer, civilian craftsmen and laborers might be hired to insure the completion of the post before the first snows of winter.

Captain Stewart conferred with Captain Moore and the other officers, for, as he later wrote, "I felt great delicacy in modifying plans prepared by those Officers who were to remain, my company not forming a part of the permanent garrison." All the officers agreed that adobe was the best building material in that the proper soil for making it was readily available. But to recognize adobe as the natural material was one thing, and to manufacture adobe bricks was quite another. Captain Moore's knowledge of adobe buildings was limited to having been stationed in posts made of the stuff. At this point the officers fell into a bit of luck: out of nowhere appeared a Mexican miner looking for work, and he knew how to make adobe bricks.

Realizing that his own time in the desert was drawing to a close, Captain Stewart held many meetings with his officers —especially with Captain Franklin F. Flint, who was to assume command of the post, and Captain Moore, who was to be primarily responsible for the actual construction. All three men were out of their realm, and they knew it; Stewart was an artillery officer, Flint an infantry officer, and Moore a quartermaster. The only man of the three who knew much about the intricacies of building anything was Moore, and he made no claim about his talent as an engineer. Still, they were the men with the orders; it was up to them to get on with the job as best they could.

THE PROBLEMS of construction were many in this high desert country. It was a hot land during the summer, there was hardly any time worth calling spring or fall, and the winters were snowy and wet. The coming of the cold season was the first problem brought up as the officers conferred. As Captain Moore pointed out, adobe walls would have to be protected against the weather lest they dissolve during the first storms and force the command to live in tents for the duration of the winter. When Captain Stewart asked what kind of protection was needed, Moore and the other officers suggested porticos to a width of ten feet. To Stewart this seemed like an extra expense that should be avoided if possible, and the Mexican workman assured him that porticos were not needed. Moore quickly mentioned that the Mexican "was accustomed to adobe buildings in a dry, hot country," but that he did not know what a high desert winter could do to adobe walls. After hearing the pros and cons of porticos, Captain Stewart decided he could not afford the risk of having the adobe washed away, but he did reduce the width from ten to eight feet.

Next, the officers considered the thickness of the walls they were going to build. Moore's recommendation that they should be thirty inches resulted in another prolonged discussion. After consulting Carson City residents, Stewart decided that the walls need not be more than twenty inches thick.

Each aspect of construction brought more discussions, more plans to be roughly sketched, and more compromises to be reached. Finally, before Captain Stewart left for Fort Alcatraz on August 11, work was underway. Though it was understood that not all the buildings would be constructed at this time, an overall plan had been agreed upon for Fort Churchill to include the following: nine two-story officers' quarters on the high ground to the north; on the west side of the parade ground, six enlisted men's barracks with three

mess halls and kitchens behind them; on the east side of the square a commander's office, quartermaster's store, subsistence store, hospital, and bakehouse; behind these structures, a forage house, quarters for three laundresses, a carpenter shop, and a blacksmith shop; on the southeast side, the quartermaster's stable and a hay yard; on the southwest side, near the river, the dragoons' stable; and isolated on the south center of the parade ground, the guardhouse. It was a good plan for a substantial military post, but for the present some of the structures would have to wait; in Stewart's opinion, it was doubtful that some of the buildings would ever be needed.

Meanwhile, even as Captain Stewart got ready to ride across the Sierra Nevada, two matters were already causing some trouble. Of three lots of adobe bricks the men had made, two had turned out worthless, while the third was not yet dry enough for anyone to determine whether or not it would be usable. In addition, the luckless R. G. Watkins was protesting because "the infernal soldiers moved camp and located themselves near my Ranch and run a boundary line embracing 8 miles square, and my Ranch was included, and I notified to leave and not cut any more hay." To add to Watkins' outrage, the "infernal soldiers" were hard at work cutting and curing his hay for their own use, without paying him for it.

After Captain Stewart's departure, Captain Moore ran into even more difficulties in the construction of the post. Although the men of the command worked diligently, there was need for experienced craftsmen and additional laborers. Two sources for such workmen existed: there were passing emigrants on their way to California who were in need of money; and there were available workers in Virginia City, Carson City, and other towns and camps. Both labor sources presented problems for the military. The emigrants often made extravagant claims about their abilities and usually remained on the job only long enough to get their animals in shape for crossing the mountains. First-class workmen from the mining towns and camps charged high prices and occasionally went on strike for even higher wages.

Despite such difficulties, the construction of Fort Churchill continued. It soon became apparent, however, that only six of the officers' quarters would be erected and that the hospital would have to be limited to the reduced size that Captain Stewart had favored. The biggest headache of all was the high cost of everything—something that was to haunt Captain Moore. Even before the post was finished, Major Thomas Swords, department quartermaster at San Francisco's Presidio, and Brigadier General Joseph E. Johnston, quartermaster general of the army, were questioning the excessive expense. Captain Moore methodically listed the cost of all labor, all transportation, all lumber and other building materials, and anything else that would give a fair notion of what he was up against in trying to build an army post here.

On October 19, 1860, Captain Moore sent an estimate to the Presidio of what he expected the final construction costs would be. The breakdown of the various expenses gave an interesting picture of the economy of the Comstock country, but it astounded the officers at department headquarters in San Francisco. To finish making 2,000,000 adobe bricks was going to cost $10,000; lumber and shingles, $82,369.27; plastering plus 200 pounds of hair for the plastering, $13,200; hiring local teams for hauling materials and goods, $11,443.25; lime, $8,500; windows and doors, $4,150; and nails, $3,300. Added to this was the tremendous expense of hiring craftsmen and laborers. Civilian craftsmen received six dollars per day while extra-duty pay for officers was fifty cents, and civilian laborers received three dollars per day while extra-duty pay for enlisted men was thirty-five cents—to bring the total cost for workmen to $47,518.17. Altogether, the total estimated cost for the building of Fort Churchill was $178,887.69—a figure that boggled the minds of Moore's superior officers.

Here was a mere frontier fort in the making, yet some of the items in Captain Moore's statement of expected expenditures were a good deal higher than the cost of building in San Francisco. It was this proposed tally that made the officers at the Presidio call for an investigation. What was to be a rude fort to protect miners, ranchers, and overland travelers was taking on the price tag of a national monument.

So, in the spring of 1861, after the snow had melted in the Sierra Nevada passes, officers from San Francisco arrived at the post, convening on June 3 and 4 as the "board of officers" to investigate the high cost of building a fort for the defense of what had now become Nevada Territory and was soon to become a state.

When the investigation was over, the officers corroborated Captain Moore's reasons for such costs. Indeed, craftsmen and laborers did command a large wage in this region, and the army had to pay the going rate in order to compete with the boomtowns of the Comstock Lode. As for natural materials for construction, one look around the countryside made it clear that there was very little timber to be cut, and that all supplies had to be hauled 35 or 40 miles from Virginia City and Carson City, or 365 miles from San Francisco. The only criticism that seemed justified was that the quarters for the officers could have been smaller.

Captain Moore could offer no argument in rebuttal. He had discussed the matter once before with Captain Stewart, but after the departure of his superior, Moore had submitted the following specifications to Captain Flint and had them approved: "Of adobe, walls 20 inches thick, 18 feet high and Porticos on the Exterior. Room 12 feet high, and walls plastered, ceilings and porticos lathed and plastered. Portico 8 feet wide. Attic 5 feet high. Lathed and plastered."

Compared to most buildings in the Comstock country, the living quarters for the officers of Fort Churchill were spec-

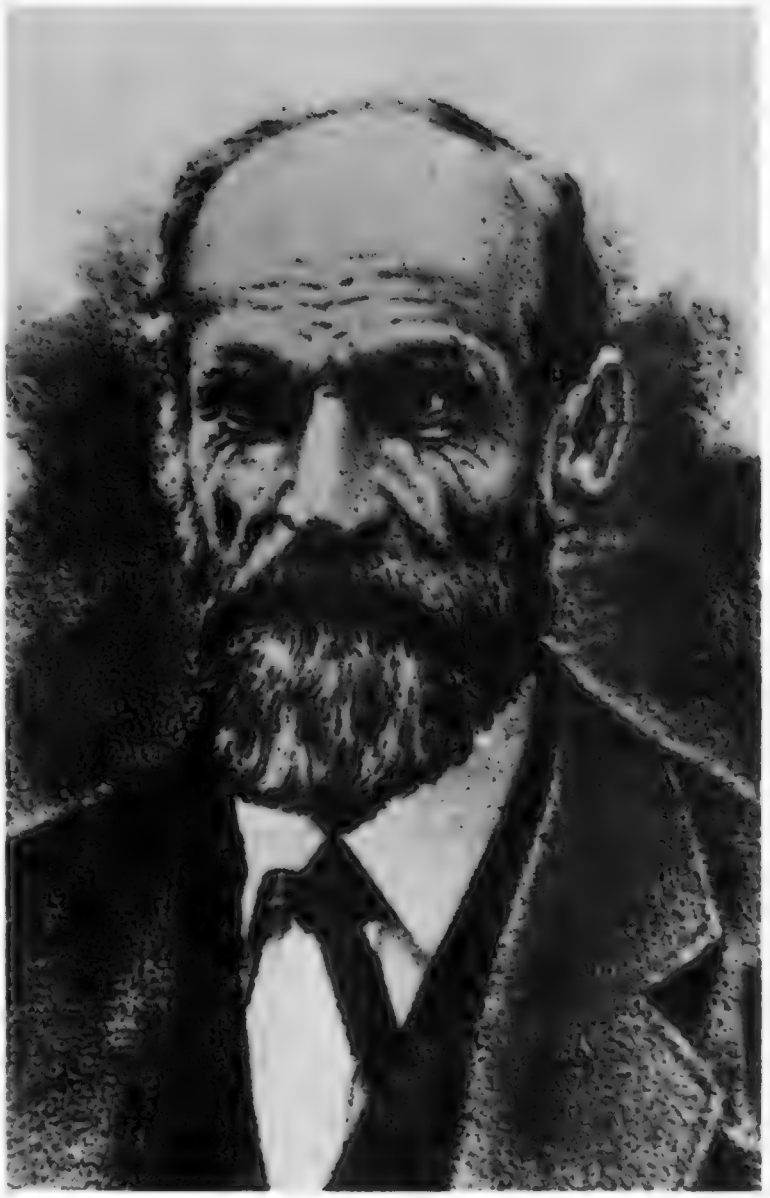
tacular. They never reached the pinnacle of style exhibited by the homes of the bonanza kings, nor the grandeur of some of Virginia City's best hotels and saloons, but they were not rude huts to be looked at with disdain. The June 12, 1866, issue of the *Territorial Enterprise* described them in the following manner: "... large two story adobe buildings ... with overhanging roofs to protect the adobes, reminding one of the buildings in South and Central America; the second story having a sloping piazza covered with shingles to protect the adobes from the rains of winter. The interior of all the buildings exhibits the most perfect neatness and cleanliness attainable, the walls being newly whitewashed and the floors being without the sign of dirt, unless carpeted, and in these latter cases the carpets are as clean as those of the best parlors of the citizens of Virginia."

But even as the board of officers examined and discussed Captain Moore's facts and figures, the first shots of the Civil War had already sounded. Military men were anxious to get into the big battle. Expenditures for the building of a frontier fort didn't seem so important anymore; duty at such outposts was a thing to avoid, at all costs. All the glory and all the promotions would be going to officers involved in the *real* war, not to men assigned to guarding the Overland Road and Nevada's silver mines from possible Paiute raids or secessionist plots.

Fort Churchill's short flurry of importance was already fading. Although it managed to hang on until 1869, it became what line officers feared the most—a forgotten outpost. It remained as Nevada's major military post until the completion of the transcontinental railroad; then, like all expendable military items, it was left for vandals to plunder. In early 1870 the War Department offered it to Nevada for its appraised value, but Nevada turned down the offer, and Fort Churchill was sold at public auction for $750. The buyer was Samuel S. Buckland—the man who had first suggested the site to Captain Joseph Stewart. Buckland proceeded to strip the buildings of anything he thought he could use, and for many years one could visit his ranch and sit on benches that had been made in the fort's carpenter shop for use in the chapel.

THE DESERT gradually reclaimed Fort Churchill. In 1884 soldiers buried in the cemetery were reinterred at Carson City, relinquishing the fort's cemetery to the Buckland family, whose graves remain there to this day. In 1931, the Nevada Sagebrush Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution obtained custody of Fort Churchill's ruins and with government help began to restore some of the buildings. But when this spurt of endeavor came to an end, even some of the restoration work fell apart or was carried off by persons who thought they were bringing home a "real" Fort Churchill brick. In 1956, the D. A. R. deeded the post to Nevada, and a year later it was proclaimed a state park.

NEVADA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Samuel S. Buckland, who operated a ranch and way station for Overland Stage travelers near the Carson River.

Today, Fort Churchill is a ghost of Nevada's frontier past. Captain Tredwell Moore's buildings are reduced to crumbling adobe walls that stand in the desert sunlight as reminders of the fragile nature of man and his works. Visitors come to the site, look at the displays in the museum, and walk around the ruins and across the sagebrush-covered parade ground; some stay overnight in the cottonwood-shaded campground beside the river. But the nearby dragoons' stable no longer stands, and the sound of soldiers and civilians building Fort Churchill exists only in musty documents, in the gaunt-looking ruins standing in the sagebrush, and in the imagination of the viewer.

Ferol Egan, *an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is author of* The El Dorado Trail, *and the forthcoming* Sand in a Whirlwind: the Paiute War of 1860.

Lassen Peak at rest: conifers regain lava slopes while alders and cottonwoods rim Manzanita Lake.

Lassen Peak and the

FOR A FEW SHORT YEARS, Lassen Peak in Northern California brought uncommon distinction to the West: this 10,457-foot mountain became an authentic living volcano—the only one of its kind in the then forty-eight states. This distinction was made known to the American scientists and the news-reading public soon after May 30, 1914, when the supposedly dormant Lassen Peak suddenly belched forth hot rocks, scorching dust, and obnoxious gases. Throughout the following year, the new summit crater produced approximately one hundred fifty explosions prominent enough to rate technically as eruptions.

On the night of May 19, 1915, as if celebrating its first year of renewed volcanism, the mountain staged an "anniversary gala." The crater filled with glowing lava, which overflowed at two places on opposite sides of the crater, pouring from a notch on the northeast rim and coursing for a thousand feet down the southwest side of the peak before its mass and energy were spent. The thaw that resulted when the tongue of hot lava invaded the snow cap on the north slope caused a gigantic mudflow.

Within three more days the mountain delivered what was to be virtually its last and best punch. The "Great Hot Blast,"

Lassen Peak came by its cone unexplosively—sluggish lavas welled up through older glassy flows.

Fire Mountains of the Pacific Coast

by Lanphere B. Graff

as it became known locally, exploded out of the upper mountainside and thoroughly laid waste everything for several miles in its path. A great cloud of gases and fine debris rose five miles into the atmosphere, eventually showering volcanic ash as far as northeastern Nevada. It was the last big show on the mountain, although weak tokens of volcanism appeared until 1921. Since then, it has been dormant.

Spectacular as Lassen's brief modern eruptions may have been, few persons witnessed them and none suffered death or great harm because of them. Their effect was limited because they took place in a very sparsely settled region. It stirs one's imagination to recall that Ishi, the "last wild Indian in North America," (whose fascinating story was told by Theodora Kroeber), wandered into the white man's world from out of the Lassen wilderness in 1911. Ishi was a Yahi, a branch of the Yana tribe who lived along the creeks draining Lassen to the south. The Yahi called it *Waganupa*, and it was their mountain. They knew its wild game and its foodstuffs, and they might well have known some of its terrifying moods while they were a very young people, for in the Lassen region there is ample evidence of earlier volcanic activity in prehistoric ages, perhaps on a grander scale than in Ishi's day.

Lassen's stature as a volcano in historic times is not impressive when compared to the rumbling and fuming mountains of the Mediterranean world that loomed over the growing mind of man and shaped his myths with fears of the supernatural. Probably from the first, man, the geological newcomer, tried to fit their wonders into an explanation of his universe. By the time of the Roman Empire, he was searching very hard for an answer. An entire city, Pompeii, was buried beneath the ashes of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A.D., and Pliny the Elder, that energetic soldier, politician, and avid collector of scientific lore, lost his life when curiosity led him too close to the fiery mountain.

The people of the Italian peninsula have learned much from first-hand experience with volcanoes in historic times. At Pozzuoli, near Naples, one day in the year 1538, the earth began to steam, fissures opened in the flat ground, and by the following morning a volcanic cone several hundred feet high had formed. From such graphic evidence, there is little wonder that early Italian geologists assumed that the rest of the world was also volcanic in origin.

Since man first set out to explore the earth he has encountered some impressive volcanism, ranging from great explo-

DIAGRAMS BY GAIL FEAZELL

Rising lavas pushed out crater walls, leaving scour marks on Lassen and boulder debris behind.

Fluid lavas leave an eroded Lassen crater and spill over the rim, showing Lassen is still active.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Cascade Volcano, Mount St. Helens, Washington, is young and less glacially dissected than Lassen—hence its fine symmetry. The cone rests on a platform of sedimentary rock.

sions of gas and fragmental material to slow upwelling of molten lava in great caldrons, such as the created lava islands of the Pacific. He has been repeatedly moved by the awesome power of the molten rock as it breaks out of the earth's mantle.

Geologists generally agree that the most violent eruption of the purely explosive type occurred in the Indian Ocean off the west tip of Java in 1883. With little warning, the island volcano of Krakatao disintegrated with a roar that was heard three thousand miles away. The dust cloud rose over twenty miles into the air, causing strange sunrise and sunset conditions around the world for months. However, the eruption of Mount Pelee in the French West Indies in 1902 was surely one of the most destructive natural disasters of all time, with a loss of thirty thousand lives.

In more recent years outbreaks of activity on a smaller scale have appeared in the world's volcanic belts. In 1943, in a quiet cornfield near Mexico City, a fissure appeared in the earth. From it, violently ejected magna built a cone nearly five hundred feet high within one week and a hill 1,400 feet high before the year was out. Although it sprang from an old volcanic area, the fissure was given a new name, Paricutin, and became the first volcano to receive complete scientific study and documentation from its birth.

As recently as 1963 the tiny volcanic island of Surtsey appeared above the sea off the southern coast of Iceland. Its brilliant red and yellow pyrotechnics were a rich reward for nighttime air travelers curious enough to stay awake. In the black of night, it was like a bonfire burning on the sea.

There are between four and five hundred active volcanoes in the world today and tens of thousands that are in various stages of extinction. Living or dormant, they display an amazing variety of form and behavior.

Widespread as volcanic activity is on the surface of the earth, it is not erratically scattered. Indeed, it is pretty much limited to zones or belts, one of which overwhelms the several others in pattern, extent, and the number of active volcanoes. This is the great circum-Pacific belt, which almost entirely surrounds the Pacific Ocean, from the southern tip of South America northward up the Pacific Coasts of both Americas; across the Aleutians, where every foothold is volcanic; down the Asian shore, whose perfect cone, Fuji, is the ultimate symbol; across southeast Asia, scattering volcanoes right and left; and finally to Australia, anchoring in the islands of New

Lassen's California neighbor is 14,162-foot Mount Shasta, here almost cloud covered. The parasitic cone on the right, Shastina, seems developed as a volcanic afterthought.

Zealand, where volcanic activity has persisted for as long as, and even more recently than, at Lassen.

Lassen Peak lies within this belt, the southernmost member, the last outpost, of a 500-mile line of distinctive volcanic cones. John Muir called them "the fire-mountains which, like beacons, once blazed along the Pacific Coast." Baker, Rainier, Hood, and Shasta—what a company they are! And then there is Mazama, its top blasted away by the very forces that gave it birth, its final cavity holding unique gemlike Crater Lake.

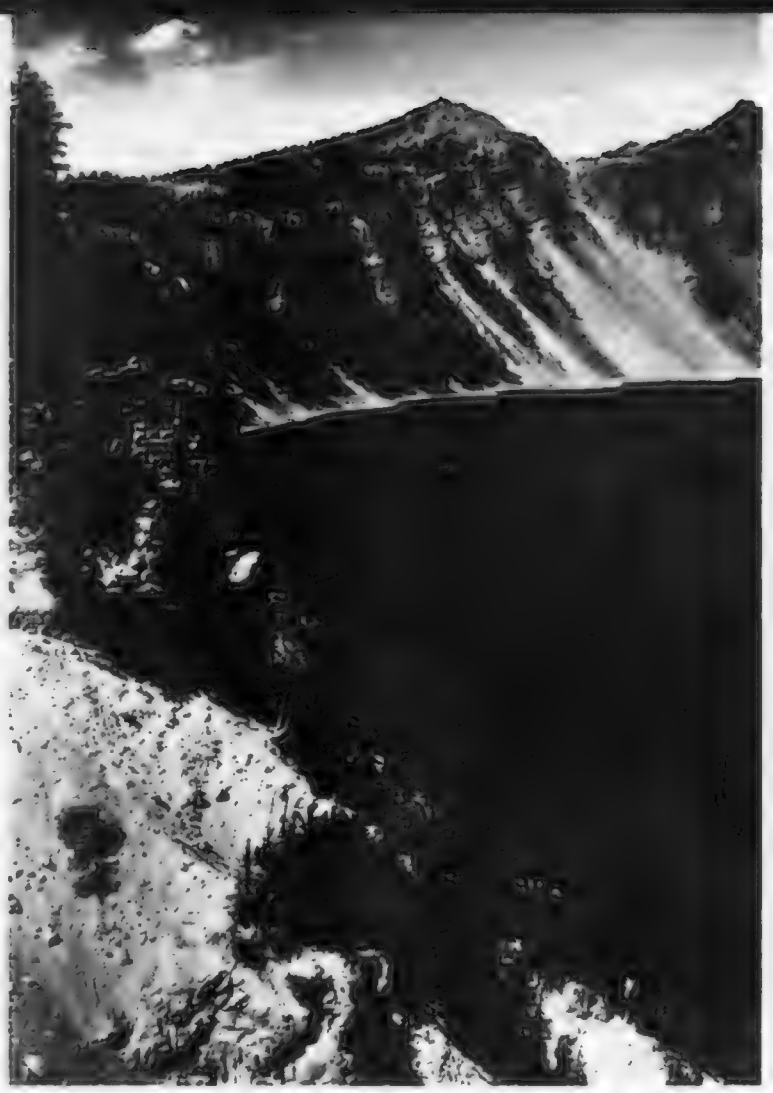
Obviously, as long as modern man has known western America, Lassen's performance is not impressive in comparison with other volcanoes of the same type. By the standards of Vesuvius, for example, it has not ejected even a fraction of the explosive material. Nor has it poured out lava in quantities at all comparable to the basins of seething, molten rock poured out of the Hawaiian volcanoes within man's experience there.

It is only by reviewing the *geologic history* of the Lassen region that one begins to appreciate Lassen's career. Actually, one does not have to probe very far into ancient earth events, for it is the last ten million years, more or less, that reveal the significance of Lassen Peak.

THE LASSEN STORY begins in the Miocene period, perhaps twenty million years ago. This was fairly late in geologic time, two-thirds of the way through the Cenozoic, the fourth and most recent geologic era. The dinosaurs disappeared from the earth by this time, and virtually all of the animal kingdom had evolved to a form recognizable to modern man. The apes were probably firmly established, but if man existed, there is certainly no record of him.

The shape of the western part of North America resembled today's quite closely. In one very important aspect, however, the land was dramatically different. Beginning in the Miocene (nearly 25,000,000 years ago), there was widespread volcanic action in what is now the western United States, occurring as many "volcanic fields," and producing vast quantities of molten lava that continued to pour forth, for perhaps several million years. This was not the first nor the only volcanic age; but, unlike much of the world's older volcanic rock (which has been so thoroughly buried or altered or eroded that it no longer forms obvious mountains or rock units), the lavas of the Miocene still exist and can be measured, analyzed, and used to piece together the whole story.

Once the volcanic activity got underway in the Miocene



Crater Lake, Oregon: 1,932 feet deep and intensely blue, rimmed by lava cliffs of fallen Mount Mazama.

Castle Geyser—typical of Yellowstone thermal activity. Fifteen thousand feet below, rock may be fluid.

period, it persisted, more or less, throughout the remainder of the Cenozoic down to the present day. Whether the volcanic fields of the western United States are merely in a quiescent period or in a long tapering off of activity, only the most expert can guess.

Basic to the story of Lassen is a geological circumstance of the Columbia River plateau (located in southwestern Canada, part of Idaho, and eastern portions of Washington and Oregon) in which the Miocene volcanic energy poured out one of the world's largest lava fields—not small flows, nor a mere Vesuvius of cinder and ash, nor a circumscribed pot or caldron of hot Hawaiian rock, but colossal outpourings that covered upwards of *150,000 square miles* with enough lava to fill valleys and bury hills until virtually level.

Such an age of volcanism must have had widespread and enduring effects geographically. The extrusion of large amounts of lava continued into the next, or Pliocene, period, leaving substantial areas of additional lava and a scattering of volcanoes and cinder cones throughout the western part of the continent. They are too numerous to list, but distinct examples are the San Francisco Peaks volcanic field of northern Arizona and Mount Taylor, New Mexico, with its more than 150 volcanic "plugs" or hardened lava chimneys now exposed as a result of erosion near these two areas. There is also the Yellowstone volcanic area where hot lavas lie close enough to the present land surface to support the world's greatest geyser and hot springs basin.

While the big Miocene lavas were spreading over the Columbia Plateau, closely related forces in the earth's mantle started to build volcanic hills along the line of the present Cascade Range. By Pliocene time (about 10,000,000 years ago), true volcanic cones, spread out in giant steps, were forming along this trend. The great fire beacons were about to dominate the Northwest. At the south end of the chain, the violent forces within the earth gradually took over the landscape, setting the stage for Lassen Volcanic National Park—the only one of its kind in the "Lower 48." Within the boundaries of the national park, roughly twenty miles across and fourteen miles north and south, are to be found many of the phenomena associated with volcanoes and the action of molten rock.

Probably at the same time the cones were rising in the Cascades, a fine ancestral volcano began to grow near what is now the southwest corner of Lassen Park. It may have begun existence with a blast, but the evidence seems to indicate a rather slow and uniform process in which sheets of lava pouring from a center vent built higher and higher until it was at least 11,000 feet high and twelve to fifteen miles in diameter across the base. It was a composite cone, like saucers stacked bottom side up, except that it was most likely pro-

Mount Rainier peeks out from behind surrounding Washington hills in this unusual view from Mount St. Helens. More than twenty-five glaciers radiate downslope from the cloud-capped summit.

gressively steeper on its upper slopes. Its apex stood just about over Sulphur Works, a hot spring area of today.

It had to be a magnificent mountain, of the magnitude of Mount Hood or St. Helens. But, unlike them, it was not destined to survive until the Age of Man, although it must have stood quite a long time before it was destroyed. Whether it went quickly in a series of great blasts, whether it was shaken down by internal collapse of its molten heart, we may never know. The upper two thousand feet are gone, eroded and carried away, and only the broken edges of the lower part of the cone remain. They are Brokeoff Mountain, 9,235 feet high, and Mount Diller, almost as high. Some people call the vanished mountain Brokeoff Cone, after the fragment that remains; others dignify it with the name Mount Tehama, and speak of it as though it still lived.

During Mount Tehama's active period, molten rock began to pour out from the ground at four principal points eight to sixteen miles east and north, where low, flat domes were subsequently built up. They were of the type known as shield volcanoes, exemplified by the Hawaiian volcanoes of today.

In a later surge of activity, a new vent appeared on the northeast shoulder of Brokeoff Cone (or Mount Tehama) pouring big flows of black, glassy lava out to the north. In time this outbreak on the flank, became the main feature, for it grew and grew until it became Lassen Peak. Its manner of growth was irregular. As a young vent, it released rather fluid and glassy lava, which flowed well and spread easily, and thus built a substantial base; and then it poured out less fluid lava, which fashioned a steep-sided dome for the new Lassen Peak. The later, more viscous lava eventually plugged off its own channel and finally subsided.

Lassen stands alone today, the ancestral Mount Tehama long since reduced to ruin. Its status as a live volcano remains doubtful, although elsewhere in Northern California, especially in the Modoc country, there is good evidence of lava flows only a few hundred years old. Perhaps it won't be long before the geologist can put a sophisticated stethoscope to Lassen's side and disclose the condition of the old volcano.

Although the mountain put on a good show as recently as 1914, some geologists who have studied the geochemistry, temperatures and composition of the waters from the mountain think they detect a terminal stage of volcanism. If that is true, this southern outpost of Muir's fire-mountains will also flicker out. At least for an eon or two.

Lanphere B. Graff, *a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is a geologist who has worked for the National Park Service, Forest Service, U. S. Geological Survey, Coast and Geodetic Survey, and commercial oil companies. Graff has been working in the field for many years.*

BARBARY COAST
(Portland, Oregon)

by Donald E. Bower

To some, the Barbary Coast is San Francisco; to others, it's the pirate's lair on Africa's shores or an oasis in the Colorado desert. To Oregonians, the Barbary Coast is the haven for a unique collection of memorabilia located in the Hoyt Hotel in the north part of downtown Portland. In a single square-block area, the serious student of art can gaze at original masterpieces, possibly a Rubens or a Gainsborough; the student of history can spend many hours examining a wall of rare photographs; the antique car buff can take a ride in the only twelve-cylinder Rolls Royce still operating; and the railroader can marvel at the only full-scale molded locomotive in the world.

Portland's unique Barbary Coast was created by Harvey Dick, a native Oregonian who found himself the owner of a third-grade hotel in a rundown section of the city. "In the beginning," Dick says, "all I wanted to do was bring the place back to life." His original concept was to re-create an era—the Roaring Twenties—and so he built a Roaring Twenties Room. "I was going to furnish it with reproductions of the real thing, but after I'd located a few original pieces, I decided it had to be authentic." Once that decision had been made, Harvey Dick started a new career, and in the process became a connoisseur of the art of collecting.

His reputation as a collector spans less than a decade, but his talents as an entrepreneur became evident much earlier, when he solved the World War II housing shortage for his employees (he owned a foundry in Portland) by purchasing the Hoyt Hotel in 1942. Located only three blocks from the railroad depot, the hotel was the headquarters for war workers coming from the East to join the booming shipyard industry in Portland. "I put up big signs, WAR WORKERS WANTED, and turned the lobby into an employment office. Some arrived without funds, and I advanced them money, gave them meal tickets, and even provided busses to take them to work."

At the end of the war, Dick sold the hotel to the Milner chain (the largest chain in the world at that time), and that might have been the end of the whole story. However, when the elder Earl Milner died, his successors let the hotel go into receivership, and once again, in 1960, Harvey Dick became the owner.

"I lived in Los Angeles for a while during the fifties," Dick recalls. "Practically every day I passed the Gay Nineties on La Cienega Boulevard—and practically every day there was a long line of people waiting to get in." With that in mind, Dick decided to do his own re-creation of the past when he took back the Hoyt.

He completely rebuilt the hotel ("and never closed for one minute during construction"), purchased all of the property in the rest of the block, and turned an eyesore into the unique Barbary Coast. The atmosphere of yesterday is enriched by the series of sixteen gas lamps along the sidewalk, extending around the entire block. As with virtually every item found at the Barbary Coast, there is a story behind the gas streetlamps. Originally designed for Harvard University, the lamps were pre-empted by the advent of electric lights and were never used at the university. A one-time paint shop became a unique parking lot, illuminated by gas lights at the top of ancient cast-iron columns, bearing an eerie resemblance to an Egyptian burial ground. Dick's fascination with gas lighting is apparent. Outside, not only are there street lights, but atop the six-story hotel is a gas tank that blasts off every five minutes, shooting a flame thirty feet high. Inside, the Barbary Coast lounge is lighted by seventy-seven custom-made gas lamps, "the only such room in America," Dick is convinced, "illuminated entirely by gas lamps." In the beginning, Dick's purpose in becoming such a collector was simply to furnish the Barbary Coast with reproductions of old artifacts. But collecting soon became a fetish, and in less than ten years he has attended hundreds of auctions, visited

Fantasies and foibles of a wealthy past cluster together in the Barbary Coast, a unique museum whose* objets d'art *are meant to be used.

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Leaded glass panels depict languid Four Seasons.

When long-hairs were respectable.

A one-of-a-kind gold Rolls, fur-trimmed.

Gaslit bar, complete with brass footrail, offers quaint cheer.

The past, re-created in plastic by movie moguls.

High style of "bourgeois monarchy."

Royal sand from the British Isles lends extra authenticity to this portrait of the young Duke of Windsor and George VI.

If this painting is authenticated as a Rubens, its actual value might amount to a small fortune.

dozens of out-of-the-way places to track down unusual items, and made three trips around the world to buy old masterpieces of art, furniture, and miscellany.

"The quest for originals started when a customer told me about a beautiful old bar in Boise, Idaho. I went there, fell in love with it, and bought it." A friend told him of a basement filled with junk in an old office building. Dick investigated and uncovered a rare set of colored, leaded glass windows, now a part of the decor in the Roaring Twenties Room. Another basement discovery resulted in the acquisition of two giant-size fruitwood doors, fourteen feet high, seven feet across, and four inches thick. "These," says Dick, "came out of the home of Portland's Colonel Dolph when it was torn down some thirty-five years ago."

When the owner of a curio shop died, leaving several thousand boxes filled with a smorgasbord of trinkets, letters, photographs, objets d'art, antique souvenirs, and yellowed newspapers, Dick bought the entire collection, sight unseen, and proceeded to cull out the choicest items, now in use or on display in the Barbary Coast. Among the collection were some never, or rarely, seen photographs, including one of the San Francisco earthquake taken, according to the caption, from "a captive airship 600 feet above Folsom between 5th and 6th streets." Another photograph, fifteen feet long, is a panoramic view of Portland taken in 1871. A part of this lobby wall display features the first edition of the *Portland Oregonian*.

A mounted poster, five feet high, shows the famous Sutherland sisters, advertising Crowning Glory shampoo. Each of the girls has hair reaching to the floor—startling evidence of the effectiveness of Crowning Glory. The photographs were taken in the mid-1880s. A few feet away is a wall covered with historic pictures of famous personalities, including a photo of western artist Charles Russell with humorist Will Rogers, a favorite of Dick's.

Dick hesitates to place a value on his collection, partly since he has no desire to sell any part of it and partly because there are some items he considers to be priceless. "The photo-player is one of a kind. I don't think there's another in the world." Some years ago Dick refused an offer of $100,000 for the photo-player, saying, "What would I do without it?" Located in the Barbary Coast lounge, the photo-player can reproduce the sounds of twenty-six musical instruments from one keyboard. Originally used in the days of silent movies and resembling a giant-sized player piano, it's a combination piano, organ, bass drum, and mimic. At the touch of a key, the instrument can simulate the sounds of a steamboat whistle, fog horn, telephone bell, galloping horses, a fire-engine siren, or a train leaving the station.

According to art critic–actor Vincent Price, Dick may be

the owner of Rubens and Gainsborough originals, both of which the Portland collector purchased at auctions in Europe. The possible Rubens is hanging in the Barbary Coast lounge and the Gainsborough-like painting hangs unceremoniously in the coffee shop. The Gainsborough possibility is labeled on the back, "The Two Sisters," and, says Dick, "Gainsborough did paint a picture called 'The Two Sisters.'" Price, during one of his visits to the Barbary Coast, pointed out that "Gainsborough painted many pictures of his two daughters, both of whom died in an insane asylum. I have seen a Gainsborough in one of the museums in Europe with a woman who looks very much like the girl on the right side [of the painting hanging in the Barbary Coast]."

Dick has had the paintings examined by local authorities, but obtaining the authentication required by the art world has been difficult. "I may," he says, "have to take them to Europe myself." If his Gainsborough proved to be authentic, Dick believes it would be worth between $750,000 and $1,000,000.

Dick seems especially attracted to one-of-a-kind items. His 1936 twelve-cylinder Rolls Royce, capable of operating on either bank of six cylinders or on all twelve, is, he believes, the only Rolls of its vintage and model still in active daily use. The probabilities are good, in view of the fact that only seventy twelve-cylinder Rolls Royce cars were ever produced.

Painted gold with leopard trim upholstery, the Rolls was purchased when Dick decided to hire Gracie Hansen, a famous show personality of the Northwest, in 1964 and brought her to Portland to direct the Roaring Twenties stage productions. "It is quite a sight," Dick relates, "seeing Gracie with all her feathers and bows and garish jewelry riding in this gold Rolls Royce."

His favorite item is the full-scale molded locomotive, on display in a building all its own. The locomotive was originally used in Marilyn Monroe's first movie, *Ticket to Tomahawk*. The plot required that a locomotive be hauled across the desert by mule team. Originally the studio rented a locomotive that weighed seventy-five tons. As soon as it hit the sand, the wheels disappeared, and moving it—even with a hundred mules—would have been impossible. With a wave of his hand, the director ordered that an authentic full-scale model be molded out of plastic. The cost of the locomotive, which weighed only five tons, was $80,000.

"I purchased it in Los Angeles eight and a half years ago," Dick says, "and before I even moved it to Portland, I had an offer to sell it for twice the purchase price." Eventually, Dick met George King, producer of the TV series, "Petticoat Junction," and agreed to lease it to the studio for thirty-six weeks. "In addition to the fee (about what I paid for the locomotive), I made a deal with King that the Hoyt Hotel be given a full screen credit every time the series was shown. He reminded me that a company like Coca Cola would pay thousands for a credit like that. I told him there were millions and millions of Coke bottles, but there was only one cast locomotive in the world."

THE LOCOMOTIVE represents the largest single item in Dick's collection, but not the most impressive, nor the most unusual. In 1964, Dick held a unique grand opening of one of the smallest rooms at the Barbary Coast, but also one of the most elegant. As the handbills and newspaper advertisements read: "The famous Barbary Coast proudly announces the opening of its magnificent Ladies Privy. This auspicious event will be held in our sumptuous Salon of Feminine Solacement. . . . The occasion will be enhanced by the presence of Miss Marion Fouse, solo harpist of the Portland Symphony Orchestra."

Originally the room was called the 525 Beer Parlor and was considered, in its heyday, the toughest room of its kind in north Portland. Dick converted it into "the most beautiful ladies room in the country." The floors are of pink marble; there are crystal chandeliers from Holland, hand-designed flowered porcelain fixtures from France, and leaded glass windows on the commode doors. Said harpist Marion Fouse, who played for four days at the opening, "In all my twenty years of playing the harp, this was the most unusual and interesting job I've ever had."

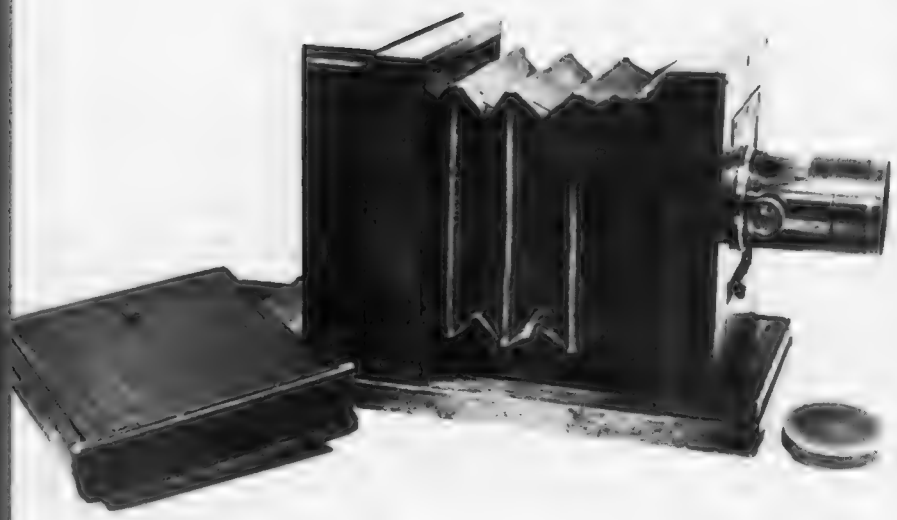
A few steps across the hall from the extravagant ladies privy hangs the purported Rubens painting and, a few feet to the left through the mammoth fruitwood doors, the Tiffany dining and banquet room features more of Dick's collection, lighted by dozens of beautiful Tiffany shades, with illuminated leaded glass windows depicting the Four Seasons. In the foyer of the lobby a set of king-size figurines stands on a marble-topped table. Its history is explained in a brief caption: "King Louis Phillipe of France. Set consisting of bronze figurines, French empire marble-topped table. A gift to the Sultan of Morocco. Later it was donated to a vizier of Istanbul during the Turkish revolution, at which time the sultan was dethroned and advised to dispose of his valuables. In 1919 a Greek doctor purchased the above mentioned items. In 1922 the doctor moved to Athens, Greece. On the death of the doctor this set was inherited by his son, who brought them to this country in 1964. Due to the size of the statues it was impractical to use them in his home, and he sold them to Mr. Harvey Dick in 1965."

"Some people refer to the Barbary Coast as a museum," Dick says. "But I think it is a far cry from that. You'll notice that we don't have any ropes or barriers in front of anything. Our valuable antiques are made to be used, along with everything else I've collected. You don't look at this Theodore Dreiser chair—you sit in it. After all, when these things were originally made, they were made to be used."

His days of collecting are far from over. "I couldn't quit now—I'm always looking for something new, providing it's something old." If there is a Valhalla for collectors, it must be something like the Barbary Coast in Portland.

Donald E. Bower *is editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

The Dalles, 1856. Lorain called it "the meanest place I ever saw. No one goes out without his revolver."



Collodion camera. With its wet-plate process, Lorain could make many prints from a single negative.

Lorain as photographed by co-experimenter Vollum during the period of rainy monotony at Fort Umpqua.

LORENZO LORAIN

Pioneer Photographer of the Northwest

by Alan Clark Miller

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LOUIS DAGUERRE invented the camera in 1839, and within two years there were scores of "Daguerrean artists" plying their trade throughout America. Yet, photographically speaking, most of the nineteenth century is poorly documented; particularly in the Pacific Northwest, the wild and woolly years prior to 1870 were neglected by the cameraman. Actually, by 1851 this region could boast a number of professional photographers, but unhappily these men were confined to their skylit studios by a mass of ungainly equipment, limited to making images of those who might pass within their doors, while outside a rich and colorful cavalcade was passing unrecorded. Fortunately for us, one member of that cavalcade was also an amateur photographer, and what outdoor scenes we have of the old Oregon frontier are due mostly to his crude experiments in the field.

Lorenzo Lorain was born in Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, August 5, 1831, the son of Dr. Henry Tilden and Maria (Taylor) Lorain. The eldest of four children, Lorenzo was bright and scientifically inclined. He was given every advantage by his prosperous father, who conducted a thriving lumber business in addition to his medical practice. For undetermined reasons, Lorenzo gave up civil engineering studies to enter West Point in 1852. Although he suffered from lung disease, he managed to weather the rigorous field activities at the academy and was graduated fourteenth in a class of forty-nine. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1856 and then assigned to Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory.

Lorain set sail from New York on October 1, and a month later, after crossing the Isthmus, arrived in San Francisco on the steamer *Sonoma:* "On board this vessel I had a very pleasant time—a fine state room, plenty of company, and chess playing all the time if I wished it. The best players were Mr. Ellis of California, the surgeon of the vessel, and

At Willamette Falls stood the home (second from left) and mill (far right) of Dr. McLoughlin, chief factor, Hudson's Bay Company. A few days after this picture, amid a legal battle over his land, the "White Eagle" died.

PHOTO: OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Blockhouse at Fort Umpqua. Here a restless Lorain served as quartermaster after the Yakima campaign.

Governor Curry of Oregon. The two former were as fine players as I ever met."

The next leg of the journey, from Benicia to Fort Vancouver, was made aboard the *Columbia*. It was on this voyage that Lorain had his first encounter with "the enemy": "We stopped off at Port Orford to receive on board 75 of the Rogue River Indians—the last of the 'hostiles' in that section. They were under the charge of an Indian agent who was taking them to one of the Indian reserves [the Siletz Reservation]. Among them was one of their principal chiefs, the treatment of whom, by the volunteers, will illustrate pretty well their general conduct towards the Indians, and account for the continuance of the War."

This evident sympathy for the Indian is revealed on several further occasions. Lorain was particularly indignant about the Humboldt Bay Massacre. On reading Bret Harte's report of the incident in the *Northern Californian*, he wrote: "You will see by the papers that there has been a disgraceful massacre of Indians near Humboldt. Some 200 peaceful Indians, men, women and children were butchered in cold blood without cause or provocation by a parcel of white animals calling themselves men, and for whose protection the army is kept in most disagreeable situations in advance of civili-

Oregon City as seen from East Side Cliffs in 1857. Main Street runs south past the Methodist Church (with steeple). Here in 1845 pioneers challenged Hudson's Bay Company dominance and established a provisional capital.

zation. No doubt we will have another Indian War. . . ."

After passing through The Dalles, Lorain arrived at Fort Walla Walla on December 2, 1856. There he joined Lieutenant Alexander Piper's Company L of the Third Artillery Regiment, and together they saw service in the Yakima Indian War. The following year Piper's company, its rolls now sadly depleted, received word that it was to be transferred to Fort Umpqua, a post recently established to guard the southern border of the Siletz Indian Reservation. Although Lorain seems to have become interested in photography while at West Point, he had been unable to pursue this hobby until the last days at Fort Walla Walla.

The transfer of army troops is characteristically accompanied by agonizing delays, and it seems likely that Lorain used such idle time to construct a makeshift camera. We know that on his trip south he took several photographs employing the revolutionary new collodion wet-plate process, by which an image formed on a glass negative is transferred to a paper positive. Scenes that have survived include 9 x 13 prints of stump town Portland, John McLoughlin's house near the Willamette Falls, and a bird's-eye view of Oregon City. While Lorain's work lacks the composition and clarity of his professional contemporaries, still there is a pleasing softness and certain authenticity in these brown-tone prints.

Piper and Lorain, with twenty-seven enlisted men and eight recruits, arrived at the mouth of the Umpqua River on September 18, 1857. After the excitement of the Yakima campaign, Lorain found life on the lower Umpqua dreary and monotonous. His letters to his sisters in Pennsylvania were particularly caustic concerning western Oregon's marine climate, and he admitted that his new billets as quartermaster and commissary chief did not fill him with enthusiasm. Yet the tedium of garrison duty was partially relieved by the presence of a gentleman who shared Lorain's interest in natural history and photography.

DR. AND MRS. EDWARD PERRY VOLLUM arrived at Fort Umpqua on November 21, 1856, on the crippled schooner *Fawn*, which had indeed sunk a mile short of its destination. After recovering from this harrowing experience, Vollum assumed the position of surgeon and treasurer to the post. Together, Vollum and Lorain experimented with the vagaries of outdoor photography. Their success was limited, and, consequently, so is the number of surviving Lorain pictures; however, a few good views of life on the lower Umpqua

Portland was known contemptuously as "Stump Town" to Oregon City folk, but by 1857, when this picture was taken, it was also a commercial boomtown. The Willamette River is at the right.

date from this period. On September 4, 1859, the Vollums were reassigned to Fort Crook, and Lorain was left to pursue his hobby alone.

About this time, events in the Upper Klamath country began to intrude upon the routine events of garrison life. For over a decade, emigrant trains passing near the Klamath Lakes had suffered from Indian depredations. Now the crowded ranchers of the Rogue Valley were threatening to expand eastward over the Cascades and into this region of open ranges. Spokesman for the ranchers was James O'Meara, the flamboyant Jacksonville editor, who began to make strident demands for army protection: "With all the changes of troops from point to point, we see none ordered to the Klamath Lake country. Is another massacre waited for? The protection and interests of this section loudly demand that a sufficient force be ordered upon this frontier."

To defuse O'Meara, and to dispel the dangers of further racial conflict, the adjutant general was obliged to establish an army presence in that remote region. Consequently, on June 26, 1860, Lieutenant Piper's company marched out of Fort Umpqua and toward the southeast. With it rode Lieutenant Lorain and his cumbersome camera equipment.

Not until late evening of July 7 did the dusty soldiers arrive near the outskirts of Jacksonville. It was an inopportune time to visit that fabled mining town; a new strike had just been made in the quartz ledges on Gold Hill, and everything was in a jubilant uproar. The next day, while the troops remained at camp on Stuart Creek, Lorain and Piper conducted some necessary business in Jacksonville. Lorain commented: ". . . a pretty little town of about 500 or 600 inhabitants . . . notwithstanding this reported abundance of the precious metal, I have never seen a place in which the people appeared more anxious to 'make money' or seemed to have less. The more I see of mining for gold, the less do I believe in its profitableness."

Whether Lorain had the presence of mind to seek out Peter Britt's Daguerrean Gallery is not recorded; certainly he could have profited from such an interview. As an amateur, he would have need of photographic supplies and would have had many questions for a master craftsman like Britt. Returning to camp, Piper and Lorain found that eleven soldiers had deserted for the goldfields. Fearing further defections, the officers resolved to cut short their visit and left hastily the following morning.

Their destination was a strategic point on the Applegate Trail, a little clearing on Spencer Creek about half a mile from the Klamath River and twenty miles southwest from what is now Klamath Falls. There they established Camp Day on July 16, 1860, and spent the rest of the summer escorting emigrant wagons and negotiating with the Indians. Lorain wrote: "Our camp is situated on the edge of the timber bordering on a small prairie, but so secluded I have endeavored in vain to find a point from which to take a photographic view of it. I have my camera and chemicals

Camp Day, stopping-place for Lorain's troops on way to protect cattlemen and emigrants from Indians in the Klamath Lake region. The editor of The Oregon Sentinel *in the gold town of Jacksonville had demanded action.*

with me, and as soon as I can arrange a dark house, shall endeavor to get some views."

Apparently Lorain succeeded with his "dark house," for at least four photographs survive showing troops in military formation with canvas tents and tall timber in the background. During that summer, routine duties were altered only once when, on August 22, Lorain and a small detachment returned to Jacksonville for supplies. The men wisely elected not to winter in the high Klamath country and returned to Fort Umpqua in October. Following their expedition, over seven years elapsed before a permanent white settlement, Linkville, was established in that region.

The returning troops found their comrades at Fort Umpqua vehemently divided over the approaching national election. Lorain himself was critical of Lincoln, and his sentiments were with the pro-southern Breckenridge-Lane ticket, which carried southern Oregon in November: "As to the men, Breckenridge has always been my choice first, and Douglas last if ever. General Lane I have met. His education is not of the best but he is honest and possesses good solid sense and probably is as good if not better that any of his competitors."

Yet as the sectional lines tightened, Lorain's loyalties evolved toward the Union cause. News arrived that *Star of the West*, a merchant steamer, had been fired upon and repulsed on January 11 while attempting to enter Charleston Harbor with reinforcements for Fort Sumter. Seven southern states had seceded by February 9, when Jefferson Davis was chosen to head the new Confederacy. The course of events had made Lorain's decision for him; in March of 1861 he left Fort Umpqua for a new assignment with northern forces defending the nation's capital.

Some biographical information is available on Lorenzo Lorain after his departure from southern Oregon. We know that he remained in the Third Artillery Regiment and that, upon arrival at Washington, D. C., he joined Light Company E of the Potomac Battery. Lorain participated in the early Civil War engagement at Blackburn's Ford, three days before the First Battle of Manassas. There he received a permanently disabling gunshot wound in the foot, was decorated for gallantry and promoted to captain.

Lorain continued in army service for the rest of his life, although he was forced by his injury to assume less strenuous duties. He turned to teaching and served as professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology at West Point from 1862 to 1870. In this period he married Fannie Mosely McDonald, daughter of U. S. Senate Clerk William J. McDonald. There were four children, of whom only two, Henry and Mertie, survived their parents. In 1875 Lorain was appointed instructor of engineering at Fort Monroe Artillery School. Here he placed his department on a practical footing: obtaining new instruments, introducing field reconnaissance, and establishing a photographic department. He held this post until his promotion to major in 1881. He invented the Lorain Tele-

Klamath and Modoc leaders at Camp Day to discuss emigrants along Applegate Trail. To his sisters, Lorain wrote, "I can't send you photographs of Indians in any other dress than what you term civilized as they now wear no other."

scopic Sight for large-rule guns and was still working to perfect a range-finder at the time of his death in Baltimore, March 6, 1882.

ALTHOUGH of great historical value, Lorain's photographs lay forgotten for over eighty years. Eventually an album of his pictures, once owned by his friend, Dr. Vollum, found its way to the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York; but the staff there ascribed the work to Vollum, who had done some important photography of his own in the 1860s. Then, in 1946, some descendants of Lorain living in Albany, Oregon, produced a hitherto unknown but carefully preserved album of his photographs. Comparisons made between these two surviving albums yielded several duplicate prints, while considerations of subject matter and chronology clearly indicated that many of the pictures were, in fact, the work of the lieutenant.

Today Lorain is recognized as one of the West's earliest outdoor photographers, and his graphic record of soldiers and Indians in their natural surroundings is prized by western writers and historians. To gain some perspective, it should be recalled that Lieutenant Lorenzo Lorain was packing his camera over cavalry trails when Oregon was still a territory and when more famous Northwest photographers like Peter Britt and Joseph Buchtel were still in their studios.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Lorain's letters and photographs are preserved at the Oregon Historical Society Library in Portland, Oregon. Additional material is filed in the Vollum Collection, George Eastman House, Rochester, New York.

Alan Clark Miller *of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, is presently writing a biography of Peter Britt, photographer.*

A DRAMATIC ART AND LITERARY DISCOVERY

Never-before-published Frederic Remington drawings and letters to Owen Wister, author of The Virginian

***A self-portrait: one of many unpublished Remington drawings appearing in* My Dear Wister.**

Ben Merchant Vorpahl, author of *My Dear Wister*, explains how he came upon this exciting and significant collection:

Frederic Remington and Owen Wister have long been recognized as central figures in the development of the popular myth about the western hero. It is less widely known that the two men were acquainted with each other—and not until now have the dimensions of their relationship and collaboration been explored with any degree of completeness. The main reason such an important friendship has gone largely unnoticed for so long is that the record of the friendship is buried in letters, notebooks, and journals which until quite recently have not been available for examination, and even now remain cryptic and uncertain in many of their parts.

The largest collection of such documents is contained in the Owen Wister papers stored at the Library of Congress. This setting itself has a certain significance. The potential nostalgia of the situation is not important, but the sharp break it seems to suggest between past times and present is—for so different is the world within the reading room from the world outside that no one is allowed to pass between the two without being checked by two sets of armed guards. Clearly, the reading room contains something which a significant number of the commuters out on Pennsylvania Avenue recognize as valuable enough to warrant guarding.

In most cases, this "something" consists of a hoarded accumulation of relics which derives its usefulness primarily by being extensive. Most of the individual items in the Wister papers, for example, have little value by themselves. There are family letters, greeting cards, daybooks—even notebook pages smeared with blood from a bear killed in the Rockies eighty years ago and packets of crumbling mint leaves sent east from California by a julep-loving crony before the end of the century. Among such miscellaneous archives, however, are points of more vivid interest—letters to Wister from Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest Hemingway, Henry James, and several others.

Most spectacular of all in this regard are more than ninety letters from Frederic Remington, some of them illustrated with line drawings. Dashed off with remarkable verve, these letters, and the sketches which accompany them, are tokens of the spendthrift energy that gave the Remington-Wister collaboration much of the vitality it had. With only a few exceptions, furthermore, the letters and sketches have never until now been published, and thus have a special value derived from their newness.

On the following pages, "The Splendid Little War," excerpted from Vorpahl's book, My Dear Wister.

A SPLENDID LITTLE WAR

"THE BIGGEST THING IN SHAFTER'S ARMY WAS MY PACK."

Frederic Remington's reactions to the 1898 Cuban crisis as revealed through his letters to Owen Wister

by Ben Merchant Vorpahl

The friendship between Frederic Remington, artist, and Owen Wister, author of The Virginian, *was based on a mutual love of the West, one they sharpened and encouraged in each other; but they were markedly different men who loved the West for entirely different reasons. The correspondence between these two men who, more than any others, created and perpetuated the mythic image of the American West in the popular mind, revealed a disintegrating friendship and a progressively less enthusiastic artistic partnership as their fame and recognition grew.*

The following article, excerpted from Ben Merchant Vorpahl's book, My Dear Wister: The Frederic Remington–Owen Wister Letters, *to be published by American West Publishing Company this spring, reveals one aspect of the disparate personalities that set the standards for a half century of art and literature of the West.*

AS A CHILD in the 1860s, Frederic Remington had listened avidly while his father told stories of the Civil War. And later, attending a military academy in Massachusetts, the youth relished pictures of "Indians, cowboys, villains, or toughs," writing to a friend that his "favorite subject" was soldiers. The first picture published with his signature bore the caption: "Apache War—Indian Scouts on Geronimo's Trail." He loved a scrap for its own sake, and fights furnished the major subject of his work, whether he painted, drew, sculpted, or wrote. Small wonder that he responded so enthusiastically in 1898 to the explosion that plummeted the *Maine* to the bottom of Havana harbor.

When the *Maine* blew up, Remington was thirty-seven years old. Born too late for the Civil War, he had missed participating in the last campaign of the Indian Wars by a matter of days, and he found little appeal in the mechanized, automatic military operations he had witnessed during some British army war games in 1892. Remington wanted to take part in fighting that would "make men glad and death easy." The "splendid little war" in Cuba seemed his last chance, and to it he brought an artist's laborious cultivated skill coupled with a boy's longing for adventure.

By the time he left his home in New Rochelle to report the war in Cuba, Remington's artistic career was well-launched. He had had his first public exhibition and sale in New York five years earlier, and his illustrations were appearing regularly in *Century, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Monthly,* and elsewhere. Many of them accompanied stories by Owen Wister.

Wister—originally a Philadelphia urbanite—and Remington met, appropriately enough, in Yellowstone in 1893, beginning a friendship and professional collaboration in depicting the West that developed over fifteen years and managed to transcend deep-seated differences in their personalties and their views of life and history.

The two men's reactions to the crisis in Cuba typified their differences. In 1897 Remington told Wister, "We are getting old, and one cannot get old without having seen a war."

"We dropped and hugged the ground like star-fish . . . hugging the hot ground to get away from the hotter shrapnel"—so Remington described the action in Cuba for Harper's Monthly. *(The men soon shed their blankets in the heat.)*

Wister felt no such sense of personal urgency; he saw the Spanish American War as fulfillment of a national "destiny." Remington, on the other hand, regarded it as an opportunity for self-fulfillment—the chance to express a part of himself which he felt time would inevitably diminish.

By coming just when it did, the war allowed Remington a last fling at boyish carelessness, a gesture of defiance he had to make before exchanging excitement about the future for interest in the past. Nowhere in the pictures he made of battle, the accounts he gave in news stories, or even the letters he wrote about the war was there any attempt at analysis, any indication that he desired to interpret the events that formed his subject. On the contrary, there appeared everywhere the explicit absence of interpretation that comes with strict adherence to the form of an experience itself. Remington's spare, vivid treatment stripped battlefield events of everything but action, as when he described the scene at the San Juan River for *Harper's Monthly*: "A man came, stooping over, with his arms drawn up and hands flapping downward at the wrists—that's the way with all people when they are shot through the body, because they want to hold the torso steady, because if they don't it hurts."

Yet Remington's eye was anything but camera-like, and he made no attempt to leave himself out of the events he recounted. For *Harper's Weekly* he wrote, "I want to hear a 'shave tail' bawl; I want to get some dust in my throat; kick dewy grass; to see a sentry in the moonlight; and to talk the language of my tribe." Colorful impressions and a good deal of personal enthusiasm invariably marked Remington's record of the war. The record was so straightforwardly stated and so thoroughly concrete, however, that it also conveyed a startling sense of objectivity. Its basis was sensation rather than speculation, hunger rather than history. Remington caught every detail and recorded it with relish.

Wister, on the other hand, made love, not war, in 1898. On the day Congress officially opened hostilities with Spain, Wister married a cousin and longtime sweetheart, Mary Channing Wister, at Philadelphia. Whereas Remington's descriptions resembled in their vivid objectivity those of a younger contemporary, Stephen Crane—for whom Remington did some illustrating, and who also reported the fight at San Juan Hill—Wister romantically insisted that the war had to *mean* something. Whenever he wrote about it, he described it as a great collective action that had its part in the grand drama of history.

THE SPANISH WAR thus touched the lives of Remington and Wister in several ways. First, with the help of Remington's famous painting of the Rough Riders charging San Juan Hill—something the Rough Riders never did—it put their mutual friend Theodore Roosevelt into the governor's mansion at Albany and eventually into the White House. Second, it gave Remington not only a chance to see the fighting he anticipated for so long, but also a severe case of tropical fever, from which he was long in recovering. Third, the war

Two raised arms capture the moment between retreat and advance. "My art requires me to go down in the road where the human beings are," said Remington. Wister's unpeopled, timeless landscapes he could not understand.

deprived Owen and Molly Wister of the honeymoon they had planned in the Wind River Mountains, since their army friends there were transferred to Cuba. And finally, because Wister and Remington responded to the war so differently, it further cooled their already diminishing friendship.

Remington first mentioned war to Wister in November 1895, correctly surmising that its arrival would accelerate the process which was dissolving the frontier that he and Wister exploited in their work. "I think I smell war in the air," he wrote. "When that comes the wild west will have passed into history and history is only valuable after the lapse of 100 years. And by that time you and I will be dead." This, however, was before Remington began to regard the war as both a lark and a business opportunity. By closing with a curious sketch, simultaneously humorous and romantic, which showed a cowboy riding into the sunset, he demonstrated at once that the chivalric notions of "The Evolution" were still in his mind and that he still resisted them: the rider moving into the picture instead of across it, the caricature of a buffalo skull instead of the phantom heroes, the substitution of an old horse's bony rump for the lean cow pony suggested that Remington felt a war with Spain could ironically bring about fulfillment of the fantasy stated in "The Last Cavalier."

Yet American newspapers were beginning to discover the hard cash value of heating up the little revolution underway at Havana. As they vied with each other for more lurid descriptions of Spanish atrocities, American public opinion responded by becoming increasingly hawkish. Although President Grover Cleveland insisted that the United States remain officially neutral, a Cuban "junta" sold bonds and distributed propaganda in New York City, and "filibustering" expeditions found shelter in scores of American ports. Remington, full of his new success as sculptor, spent the winter working at New Rochelle and nervously watching the news.

Early in the spring of 1896, Remington made his usual western sojourn, this time to the Southwest. When he got back in March, he wrote to Wister with a new idea.

Dear Wister—

Just back from Texas & Mexico. Got an article—good illustrations but I tumble down on the text—it's a narrative of the Texas Rangers—I call it "How the law got into the chaparral." —May have to ask you to bisect, cross-cut—spay, alter, eliminate, quarter & have dreams over it and sign it with the immortal sig of he who wrote "Where Fancy was bred"—had a good time—painted—shot—loafed—quit drinking on Feb. 1 for ever and got some ideas—

I think we are going to have that war—then we are as yesterday.—? But we may not get lost in the shuffle after all — We are pretty quick in the woods ourselves.—

Want you over here— Come a week from this Saturday—stay over Sunday. Got big ideas—heap talk. New *mud*. "How the broncho buster got busted"—its going to beat the "Buster" or be a companion piece.

yours
Frederic R.

No longer was Remington's attitude toward the coming war fatalistic. His recognition that he and Wister were "quick in the woods" represented the beginning of his belief that they might be able to use the Cuban revolution much as they had already begun to use the American West. This marked Remington's first proposal of a collaboration on the material that would grow out of the impending conflict, but Wister was too preoccupied with the planning for a trip to Europe to consider any extensive literary partnerships.

Remington, despite Owen Wister's indifference to the coming adventure, persistently continued to cajole the writer with enthusiastic speculations on what they might make of the war—and what it might make of them.

Dear Wister—Well, I'de like to see you before you go to Europe and get acquainted with the new man—

I think it is a good scheme for you to go over to Europe. It will take you out of yourself and if you dissipate recklessly you may find the old Wister will come back in the flesh. I expect you will see a big war with Spain over here and will want to come back—and see some more friends die. *Cuba Libre*. It does seem tough that so many Americans have had to be and have still got to be killed to free a lot of d—— niggers who are better off under the yoke. There is something fatefull in our destiny that way. This time, however, we will kill a few Spaniards instead of Anglo Saxons, which will be proper and nice. Still, Wister, you can count the fellows on your fingers and toes who will go under in disease—friends of yours. [*See facsimile on page 34.*]

The connection between the war to "liberate" Cuba and the emancipation of Negro slaves in America was, of course, one that propagandists for the war made much of, and stories about the "racial" differences between Spaniards and Americans were also popular. The biases Remington expressed in his letter were both dreary and ordinary. What distinguished the letter, however, was the razor edge of its irony. It made fun of Wister's latest success, Cuba, Spain, the United States, history, and finally itself. The fact that the caricatures which ended it were funny in no way masked or diminished the aggression they expressed. The first soldier's feminine physique and pompous strut, the abject curve of the second's spine, his wide, staring eye and reptilian profile were all repulsive. Yet they represented features of an activity Remington knew he was eager for and assumed that Wister was also. The essence of their parodic force was that through them, Remington ridiculed himself. When applied to history, the same ability Augustus Thomas called "the sculptor's degree of vision"—a knack for seeing all sides of something at once—inevitably resulted in a vision that mocked itself. Often bitter, sometimes nihilistic, this vision was Remington's response as an intelligent man to the jingoism he had not only to observe but actually participate in if he was to have his war.

Immediately after finishing his portfolio for *Drawings*—a particularly martial series on the West—he wrote to Wister early in the summer of 1896, enclosing a sketch of himself as an infantry officer. [*See page 35.*]

My dear Wister—

Got my work done on book—it's "away from the Kodak" —and when I get fixed want to load you up with ball cartridge and fire you off.

Am going to Montana for two months—to sweat & stink and thirst & slave & paint—particularly *paint*. If we don't go to war with the Dagoes or the Yaps— Wouldn't that be just our ticket for soup though— Let's form a partnership on the *scrap*. Only if it promised hot enough I will start in as a Capt. of Infantry.

This was the first explicit mention of a scheme Remington pursued with increasing vigor until war was declared a year and a half later.

WHEREAS Remington itched for war because he saw in it the same variety of excitement once present in the now conquered province of the West, Wister still found in the West an insularity which made it possible for him to ignore the international maneuvering that led to war with Spain. The land has an existence of its own, apart from men or politics. Remington painted the action of its conquest—that process through which it acquired a political identification—but Wister indulged a preference for those qualities of the land that he thought of as somehow eternal. Remington's greatest talent was his ability to capture an instant of time, but Wister insisted on timelessness. Remington, who told Julian Ralph that he wanted as an epitaph "he knew the horse," was an artist of action, whereas Wister, who wanted to "know" the land itself, became increasingly a landscape artist.

The landscape of Wister's description contained no horses, soldiers, Indians, sheepherders, or mountain lions—not even an insect. It consisted exclusively of unitary and motionless form, sufficient for Wister in and of itself because it embodied not the instant Remington sought to capture but the perpetual emptiness within which the succession of instants occurred. Remington repeatedly demonstrated his restlessness with landscapes like the one Wister described by filling them with multitudes of figures, avalanches of action, frequently a fight. Furthermore, Remington never painted a prairie that looked like "rare and wonderful plush." Had he known of it, the metaphor would have offended him. Not Remington, but Henry James, whom Wister had just seen in England, was responsible for Wister's new interest in the visual. He was ready, wrote Wister, to "follow Henry James's advice, and put much more landscape into my narrative." Despite the painter's language in which Wister tried to describe it, this was not a step toward Remington, but one away from him.

Remington returned to New Rochelle from Montana in

Remington in his New Rochelle studio in 1905. Memories of Manifest Destiny linger on the mantelpiece.

September. Wister stayed in Wyoming until early October; shortly after arriving at Philadelphia he wrote three stories in quick succession. "Separ's Vigilante," later collected in *Lin McLean*, and "Grandmother Stark," a component of *The Virginian*, were printed without illustrations. "Sharon's Choice," later collected in *The Jimmyjohn Boss and Other Stories*, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* with four illustrations by A. B. Frost. Remington's proposed partnership was not working out. Remington, however, was having his fling at the Cuban revolt without Wister. Beginning in January 1897, the *New York Journal* carried a series of pictures by Remington on a wide variety of subjects connected with the conflict. Many were accompanied by vivid accounts from the pen of Richard Harding Davis. One, prominently occupying a half page in the February 12 edition, even depicted a nude woman routed from her cabin while Spanish troops searched an American steamer. In light of Remington's well-known aversion to drawing women—even fully clothed—this picture demonstrated how much the artist was willing to endure to participate in the "scrap" he saw coming.

WORKING WITH DAVIS for the *Journal* was better than missing the war altogether, but it failed to satisfy Remington because the Hearst newspaper refused to give him the free hand he wanted. He was required to draw scenes—like the nude woman on the steamer—which he not only hadn't witnessed but wasn't interested in. On at least one occasion, his drawings were altered before they appeared in print. It was work to make a man hate himself.

About his skill as an illustrator he had no doubts, but he felt, as he put it in his earlier letter to Wister, that he might "tumble down on the text." He wanted independence from Hearst, freedom to tell the truth as he saw it, and a writer whom he respected to work with. Most of all, he wanted to stop drawing from photographs and imagination on command and go to Cuba. Gradually the plan evolved. In the fall, he dictated it to his wife Eva, who wrote the plan out in her large, honest hand and sent it off to Philadelphia.

My dear Mr. Wister:

I am at the desk and Frederic desires me to say that he has the greatest scheme for you and himself in conjunction [with] war ever on top of the sea or over the land or under the sky. There is going to be a war (*in Frederic's mind*) and then will be to us an enormous interim in which we will grow pale and poor. Meanwhile it is possible for just such a pair of old nerve-cells such as you and I, to make an offensive alliance against publishers. I have often thought of this thing in connection with various other geniuses—Richard Harding [Davis] for instance or Poultney [Bigelow] without instance. You can readily see that they will not pause but all such people intend to turn this *trick*. We will have to fight such people or combinations of such people. And all I want to do is to combine with you—if you are game for it. It seems natural and right that you and I are in a position to "do" the whole d—— "bilin." Now this war is reasonably sure as near as man can figure within another year, if not a year, I'm yourn —Meanwhile all men in our business must keep their combinations. Publishers anticipate these events and why should not we. We are getting old and one cannot *get* old without having seen a war. We would go at it as gentlemen since no newspaper man will see a Modern war. We will want to go at it with no purpose except that which we might undertake afterwards. Of course this precludes the newspaper possibilities and confines us to magazines, or some other "funny" combinations which we must consider. I want to talk to you about this and I want you to think of it and I do not want you to think it is not great.

We will be in town at the time of the picture sale and hope to see you if you are in the city then and later over here. Frederic's anticipation of war *soon* does not frighten me in the least as he has anticipated it for eleven years and now it is all very funny to me. With so many kind regards—

Most sincerely,
Eva A. Remington

There was no need for quotation marks. Eva's conventional prose fell away from her husband's rhetoric like snow from a hot chimney. If Remington's plan contained a trace of desperation, it may have been because measures to end the Cuban revolt were making war with Spain seem less certain than Remington wanted it to be. In September, President McKinley had offered American assistance in bringing Spain and the insurgents together at the conference table, and although this overture was rejected, the new government at Madrid in a dramatic gesture gave all Cubans the rights of other Spanish citizens.

Even more significantly, it instituted a program designed to bring about home rule for the island. When McKinley delivered his annual message to Congress in December, he argued against U. S. intervention in the Caribbean, saying that Spain should "be given a reasonable chance to realize her expectations and to prove the asserted efficacy of the new order of things to which she stands irrevocably committed."

There were indications that Eva Remington might have been correct in refusing to take seriously her husband's plans for war. Yet McKinley's conciliatory stance was against the interests of many Americans who, like Remington, wanted a fight. At about this time William Randolph Hearst is supposed to have wired Remington with the message: "You supply the pictures, and I'll supply the war." Whether or not Hearst actually sent the wire, he did do everything he could to keep the peace from coming—and Remington helped him.

WESTERN HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER U. OF WYOMING

Wister at Yellowstone, where the idealistic writer and Philadelphia gentleman met the roaring man of action.

In January 1898, Owen and Molly Wister planned their wedding for spring. On February 9, Hearst's *New York Journal* printed in its entirety a private letter from the Spanish minister Enrique de Lome, stolen from a Havana post office. "McKinley's message," wrote de Lome, "I regard as bad. Besides the ingrained and inevitable bluntness . . . it once more shows what McKinley is, weak and a bidder for the admiration of the crowd, besides being a would be politician who tries to leave a door open behind himself while keeping on good terms with the jingoes of his party."

The stolen letter, relatively unimportant in itself, assumed a new significance when printed under two inch headlines, becoming an "incident" that angered the government at Madrid, outraged many Americans, and rapidly reheated relations between Spain and the United States. War suddenly seemed closer than ever. Less than a week later headlines screamed that the *Maine* and 260 American corpses rested at the bottom of Havana harbor. Mr. Hearst was delivering his war. Remington was going to see action in Cuba.

Almost immediately after receiving news of the *Maine* disaster, Remington had departed for Key West with Richard Harding Davis, under contract with both *Harper's Weekly* and the *New York Journal*. Positive that the war was coming immediately, he and Davis planned to smuggle themselves secretly into Cuba before American troops landed, thus getting the opportunity to observe an aspect of the fighting not available to most American correspondents. Three times they tried to get to Cuba by small boat and three times they failed, the third time narrowly missing being drowned. When war was officially declared and the battleship *Iowa* steamed out of Tampa harbor, however, Remington was aboard.

For seven interminable days, the ship sailed up and down ten miles out from Havana. Remington hated "this epitome of modern science, with its gay white officers, who talk of London, Paris, China, and Africa in one breath." He hated the engineers and firemen who ran the ship, "sweating and greasy and streaked with black—grave, serious persons of superhuman intelligence—men who have succumbed to modern science." But most of all he hated the boredom, "the appalling sameness of this pacing up and down before Havana." Therefore, he "deserted" and went home for a short rest before the invasion. From New Rochelle he wrote the following letter to Wister, who was then spending the first part of his honeymoon in Charleston, South Carolina:

Dear Wister – Well I'd like to see you before you go to Tampa and get acquainted with the new man –
I think it is a good scheme for you to go over to Tampa it will take you out of yourself and if you dissipate recklessly you may find the old wister will come back in the flesh. I expect you will see a big war with Spain over here and will want to come back – and see some more fights also. Cuba Libre
It does seem tough that so many Americans have had to be and have also got to be killed to free a lot of d– niggers who are better off under the yoke. There is something fatal in our destiny that way. This time however we will kill a few Spaniards instead of Anglo Saxons which will be proper and nice, Still Wister you can count the fellows on your fingers and toes who will go under in the case – freeing of ours?
Yours
Frederic—
Craig to Crane –
The Vanilla –

Repulsive faces of war: the pompous and the wretched, Remington mocks his own jingoistic fervor.

My dear Wister:

Am just back from the South for a few days to "get cool" —I go Thursday.

If I don't become a bucket of water before that time, I hope to see the landing in Cuba but if any yellow fever microbes come my way—I am going to duck. They are not in my contract.

I understand you are married—Mrs. R. got your cards but was sick at the time—she had what I call the "battle-ship attack" for I was at the time sailing around with Mr. Fighting Bob Evans—and meeting with no more harm than too much eating and drinking will bring where you don't have exercise enough.

Well ol man—I congratulate you—I didn't think you would be caught but these chaps who seem to have escaped out into the brush get rounded up just the same as tame stock —mostly.

Give my regards to Mrs. and tell her I think she got a pretty good fellow but she wants to keep a rope on you—you have been *broncho* so long—it's different with kids.

Put this in her kind of English. We hope to see you over some time—after we lick the Dagoes— Say old man there is bound to be a lovely scrap around Havana—a big murdering —sure—

Yours faithfully,
Frederic Remington

While Molly and Owen Wister found South Carolina "simply delicious," Remington, true to his word, returned to Tampa and began turning out martial illustrations with amazing rapidity. His pictures covered every aspect of the military operation, from portraits of its general officers to, of course, its horses. Yet he never forgot about the main event, the "big murdering." The moment he had waited years for arrived when General Shafter's headquarters ship, the *Seguranca*, slipped into Daiquiri Bay on June 20, six days after leaving Tampa. Remington sat on the quarterdeck, sipping iced drinks with Richard Harding Davis and Caspar Whitney, and waited for the show to start. Flags waved, bugles sounded, whistles blew. Once again the young Anglo-Saxons, "impelled by Destiny to conquer," were about to act the drama that won the West.

FOR THOUSANDS of Americans the landing at Daiquiri was a triumph. Poets wrote odes about it. Politicians made hay from it. Soldiers spun it into tales for a whole generation of saucer-eyed children. But for Frederic Remington, it was a disappointing spectacle. The cavalry had no horses. The heat was ennervating. Because of shortages, many of the troops wore heavy, blue woolens, instead of the light khakies they should have had. The rifle fire was muted and unexciting. The dead and dying were not picturesque. It all ended in a muddy swamp, drinking dirty water. With stroke after stroke of ironic genius, Remington told the whole story for *Harper's Monthly* in his unpretentiously entitled essay, "With the Fifth Corps," a small and unrecognized masterpiece, recalling Mark Twain's "Private History of a Campaign That Failed" and Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage"—by all odds among the very finest literary achievements to come from the Spanish War.

Remington's disappointment with the Cuban campaign did not change the fact that his initial interest in it proceeded directly from a love for physical action. His means of coming to terms with the war was much like Roosevelt's: to find it, live it, finish it. The spendthrift compulsion that dragged him to Cuba was fully satisfied only when he himself was fully spent. Yet the Wister's continuing honeymoon—now trans-

ported to Washington State—in one sense an explicit disengagement from the dangerous possibility that Remington went to the Caribbean to find—was, not surprisingly, informed by a steady and powerful urge to absorb and store experience. While Remington spent himself in Cuba, the newlyweds conquered their wilderness on the Pacific Coast of the United States by savoring it.

Owen and Molly let a romantic imagination show them the West—a portable landscape that could later be transplanted anywhere to color any experience with the hues of a real western incident, because it was not a place, but a state of mind. Theodore Roosevelt demonstrated how the process worked when he described how the Rough Riders enjoyed their final holiday at Long Island before disbanding. "Galloping over the open, rolling country, through the cool fall evenings," he wrote, "made us feel as though we were out on the great Western plains."

An interesting corollary to this view was that if "the great Western plains" could be hauled to Montauk beach, so could the cowpuncher. The latter movement, however, was not so easy as the former. Again, Roosevelt demonstrated why. When the Rough Riders gathered for the last time in September, they presented Roosevelt with a bronze copy of Remington's "Bronco Buster," a cowboy portable indeed—primarily because he and his horse were miniatures—but there was nothing small about the use Roosevelt made of the "Buster." The statue, he told his men, represented "the foundation" of their regiment. Therefore, it showed that "Uncle Sam has a nobler reserve of fighting men to call upon, if the necessity arises, than any other country in the world." His argument contained little logic but much force, for while it deprived the "Buster" of his identity as a distinct historical phenomenon, it simultaneously fulfilled Remington's earlier vision of him as a warrior.

Remington would have wholeheartedly agreed with Roosevelt in 1897, but the Cuban campaign had changed him. While the end of the war marked the beginning of Roosevelt's successful political career, it also began something Remington was sorry to see—not quite the "enormous interim" in which to "grow pale and poor" he had predicted the year before, but the time when he found himself beginning to look back instead of forward.

IN SEPTEMBER, Roosevelt wrote Remington with thanks for the "Bronco Buster." Early October, the Wisters ended their Washington idyll and returned to Philadelphia, where they bought a house on Pine Street and settled down to married life. Remington continued to write about the war and draw pictures of it. *Scribner's Magazine* printed his "Charge of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill" in April 1899, but his "sculptor's degree of vision" no longer allowed him to participate in the imperial expansion the picture represented. He became increasingly convinced of his mistake in thinking that the impulse which won the West was identical with that which guided the Cuban campaign.

His heart set on a Cuban war, Remington shows the figure he will cut in closing a letter to Wister.

Roosevelt was wrong in stating that the "Bronco Buster" formed "the foundation" of the Rough Riders. For Remington, the "Buster" came to represent his youth and the youth of his country. The war had shown him that both were over. Without wanting to, he changed from special correspondent to historian. In September he wrote to Wister, admitting, " *'that was my War'*—that old cleaning up of the West—that is the war I am going to put in the rest of my time at."

Ben Merchant Vorpahl, *assistant professor of English at UCLA, is currently completing a book on William Faulkner's comic treatment of the southern frontier, and beginning a critical biography of Owen Wister.*

ROBERT M. PYLE

Sunset at Beetle Rock—is the reality as beautiful as the picture? This photo captures the spot's remaining charm, but omits the soda cans, the shouting tourists, and the smog that are also a part of it.

Can We Save Our Wild Places from Our "Civilized" Public?

National Parks in Jeopardy

by Robert M. Pyle

SALLY CARRIGHAR wrote a beautiful and sensitive book in which she describes one of her most beloved places. Later Walt Disney produced a film adaptation of this book which attempted to do with photography what Miss Carrighar had done with words. Both endeavors were called *One Day on Beetle Rock*, and both, through very different means, illustrated the lives and doings of the creatures of a wild park place. The place was Beetle Rock, which is in Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park, California.

I was a ranger-naturalist in Sequoia during the summer of 1969. My lodging was about half a mile through the Big Trees from Beetle Rock. Drawn by glorious Sierra sunsets and the prospect of tranquil evening walks, I visited Beetle's vicinity often. I found it very different from what the book and the movie had prepared me to expect. Though it may sadden Miss Carrighar, I would like to describe Beetle Rock today—and to indicate why I think it has changed and what I feel it implies about one aspect of the health of the National Park System.

When one visits Sequoia, he traverses the General's High-

way. This winding, low-impact road enters the chaparral of oak and yucca near Fresno on the north and Visalia on the south. From these points the road snakes up gradually into forests of giant sequoia and white fir, past the General Grant in King's Canyon and the General Sherman in Sequoia, finally meeting itself in the middle. The highway never penetrates the upper mountains which comprise most of Sequoia and King's Canyon National Parks, so auto traffic is concentrated in the forests when it grows hot in the valley below. Sequoia's hub is Giant Forest, a village located near all the major attractions for drive-through tourists: General Sherman (the world's largest tree), Crescent Meadow (John Muir's "Gem of the Sierra"), the Lodgepole Visitor Center, and the view point on Moro Rock.

Giant Forest is a great plateau of granite. In some places the sugary white stone juts out in typical Sierran exfoliation domes. While none is as large or as well known as Yosemite's Half Dome, still Moro Rock is a very imposing landform. Several lesser monoliths stud the other edges of Giant Forest Plateau. One of these is Beetle Rock.

Beetle Rock protrudes little and is actually rather shield-shaped. Hence its name. It enjoys a perch on the very western border of Giant Forest, poised thousands of feet above the San Joaquin Valley, free enough from the forest to possess a truly panoramic view. Standing on its sandy surface, I tried to re-create in my mind the wild conditions which surely did exist there at an earlier time. But as I said, I found it different. What follows is an account of one of my visits. I'm afraid it was typical.

I HAD JUST FINISHED guiding an afternoon nature walk on the popular Congress Trail of the Big Trees. Arriving home at our small but very sufficient tent house on a hill near Giant Forest Village, I remembered that JoAnne was working late at the concession store where she was employed. Since I had no evening program to give that night, I decided to doff my uniform for comfortable Levis and walk through the woods to Beetle Rock to photograph Steller's jays and the sunset. To get there, I had to cross a wide, deep ravine. Once up on the other side, I watched the pristinity of the scene fade as I entered rows of tight concession cabins. The way led through a great cluster of rustic cottages, past the lodge amphitheater, and finally to the Beetle Rock Recreation Hall. This large pine dance hall, game room, and theater, built for the concessionaire's employees and guests, was immediately juxtaposed by Beetle Rock itself.

Emanating from the dance hall was classical "sunset music," provided by the concessionaire for the enjoyment of guests on the rock. I settled onto a flat stone to enjoy the western sky, which was beginning to blaze. Placidity was short lived. I was the first person on the rock but was soon joined by dozens of visitors. Many sat quietly in anticipation of the impending glory, intensified by the light brown haze over the valley. But many did not. First, I was unnerved by a childish yelping. One game of tag evolved into whole clumps of loud and rowdy people, parents and children alike raising their voices in a manner ill befitting the contemplative scene. This persisted until dark. One large family ignored the sky scene entirely, while consuming a large quantity of Polaroid film on shots of one another engaging in raucous antics. The

Vandals' moment of fun with spray paint takes workers a half-hour to erase with acetylene torches.

film backing was discarded, although the salts it bears are both attractive and toxic to deer which frequent the area at night.

On my right a boy threw a cola can down the slope of the rock. Following the clanging, shining object with my eyes, I was amazed to see a thick stratum of glass, paper, and metal refuse on nearly every ledge and recess of the rock! I reprimanded the child for his careless action while his father looked on blankly, later denying any obligation to retrieve the can.

I tried to escape the clamor of the callous crowd by immersing myself among jays on a manzanita-covered ledge to the north a bit. Admiring the azure birds, I uncased my camera and lens. But even the bold jays fled, retreating to high and distant Jeffrey pines, when unleashed dogs came bounding menacingly across the granite. Once again, an admonition to the sheepish owners. Then, just as I decided my off-duty ministrations were over and I would be able to enjoy the sunset, another father and son scaled the gentle face from below and arrived in front of me. In their hands were large

bunches of wildflowers (which scracely grow on Beetle at all). I gave them the same explanation of protected natural objects that I dispensed every day all summer to those carrying armloads of vanishing sugar pine cones.

"Whaddya mean I can't pick flowers?" said the man. "What's a national forest for, anyway?"

Amid the drone of human voices far too loud, the reflec-

This stone-shattered sign near Kings Canyon National Park is becoming an all-too-typical sight.

tions of broken pop-bottle glass and flip-top tabs shining brighter than the crystals of quartz in Beetle's matrix, I watched the crimson, smoke-stained sun melt into a tangerine sky. As the others departed and it finally became quiet, I considered remaining to watch for the appearance of the stars—surely that would be the same as always. Then, from the dance hall just behind me, there rose the piercing wail of a rock band. . . .

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to change Beetle Rock? I maintain that the decline of Beetle Rock experience and the assault on its ecology are not by any means entirely the fault of the Park Service. Uniformed rangers are dispersed through the park as far as the budget allows. Even so, it is simply not possible to have a ranger present every time an infraction is about to occur. Nor can the problem be attributed merely to visitation increase alone. Such things have been going on ever since people came to the parks, as evidenced by several of Sequoia's once-rich marble caves which were destroyed by visitors in the last century. Such violatory nature has always been a part of the makeup of one large segment of park visitors. Today, such instincts are concentrated by general increased visitorship and are thus felt the more. Yet, my experience leads me to believe that illegal actions by tourists are seldom intended as such. *Almost always, the offender pleads ignorance of the very regulation he is breaking or of the purpose for which it was established.*

Typical remarks I have received are these: From a family prevented from removing whole armloads of giant sugar pine cones, "You mean we can't take these home to New Jersey? I thought they'd make great souvenirs since we can't get 'em back there." From two grown children brandishing knives while climbing a sequoia root-swell, when asked if they were cutting their initials in the bark, "No, but we're going to. Dad said it would be fun." And from a woman picking a large bracken fern unabashedly while four rangers looked on and listened in amazement, "I'm just getting a *few*. That's okay, isn't it?"

I contend that the national parks are in serious jeopardy from vandalism, removal of natural objects, the feeding, killing, and harassment of wildlife, and a multitude of other illegal actions; and that the cause (or at least, excuse) for this behavior is mainly ignorance. If this is true, then it seems to me that radical innovations are imperative to acquaint park visitors with park purposes and policies. We must cure ignorance.

There are a number of simple things we can do immediately to relieve the situation. First, all things contradictory to serious park protection must be removed. Already initialed trees and rocks should be restored, for example, to reduce stimuli to further vandalism. The actions of park and concession employees, not always exemplary, must be regulated for the same reason; no concession operations should be allowed to deface park property, for this makes a mockery of rules. And obvious hypocrisy in "educational" materials must be perceived and removed. For example, in Sequoia, as in most parks, campfire programs are provided each night both by the park ranger-naturalists and by concession personnel for lodge and cabin guests. A film which is shown frequently in Sequoia, being so obviously appropriate, is Disney's adaptation of *Beetle Rock*. On the whole this is another "delightful," though stereotyped, animal adventure. However, in one scene there occur no less than five blatant violations of park regulations. While encountering various denizens of Beetle Rock during a picnic, a family is shown feeding and handling a fawn, tearing foliage from shrubbery, throwing objects at a bird, and littering: all violations of considerable gravity. At no time are the characters reprimanded for their actions in any way. How, I would ask, can park officials expect visitors to obey little-publicized rules when even dear old superconservationist Walt pays them no heed?

The lack of proper publicity is another matter to be remedied. The Park Service has too long demonstrated its reti-

cence to "overburden" the visitor with regulatory instructions. I can cite these specifics: Each car entering a park is given a pamphlet which contains, very briefly, park purposes and rules, but no effort is made to assure that each visitor actually reads the contents of the pamphlet. Inside the park itself, rules are seldom displayed. In Sequoia, for example, occasional "DO NOT ENTER" signs on barriers and "DO NOT FEED THE WILDLIFE" signs along the highways and in the meadows are about the extent of the posting. I have been highly impressed by the large, attractive signs that I have observed at many stopping places in the Swiss and Italian national parks, illustrating in several languages and in tongue-spanning pictures exactly the sorts of behavior expected and prohibited. Why cannot these be provided in American parks?

A third area of deficiency is found in the enforcement of regulations. I seldom witnessed the levying of a sufficient fine or even a truly serious reprimand. Usually, after being cited by a ranger who was concerned by an infraction and happened to witness it, the guility party merely made a perfunctory visit to the office of the chief enforcement ranger—after which he was often released without a fine. If regulations are to have any meaning at all, they must be enforced regularly, consistently, and far more seriously.

Useful as these suggestions might be, they are nevertheless prescriptions for treating the symptoms of visitor abuse —not its cause, which is ignorance. In the courts, ignorance of the law does not hold up as a valid alibi—yet in the national parks it often works. Therefore I submit that the means toward protecting parks from—and for—people lies in the elimination of ignorance.

I PROPOSE that no citizen of literate age or condition be admitted to a National Park Service–administered area without possession of a certificate of knowledge concerning basic park purposes and regulations.

If this sounds at first like a radical abridgement of the rights of the American citizen, consider the following analogy: Our highways are publicly owned and are administered by various public agencies and levels of government. Everyone has access to them. Yet no one may legally operate a motor vehicle upon the highways without first having proven his ability to do so without jeopardizing others. No one argues seriously that this procedure limits his constitutional rights. Driving restrictions do restrict, but driving is considered by the public and by the courts to be a privilege, rather than a right. The basis for this idea is the mass good in balance with the convenience of the individual.

Conceptually, the use of national parks is also a privilege, not a right. In some democracies (including this one), access to certain ecological preserves which are national parks is denied anyone, and legally and rightfully so. Our own military reserves, which are public land, are likewise totally unavailable for entry, for different reasons. Once again, the underlying principle supposedly served by this limitation on personal freedom is the good of the whole—an object of democracy. In this context, licensing of park visitors ceases to appear as a fascist imposition and becomes a democratic imperative.

I will elaborate on the idea. No one old enough or educated sufficiently to communicate literately would be permitted en-

Tourists immortalize themselves in paint, spoiling this scene in Kings Canyon National Park.

try to a park without such a license—which might be called the "park-pass." Once issued, this park-pass would indicate to all that the bearer had demonstrated knowledge of the manner in which he is to behave himself in a national park, national monument, national recreation area, national historic site, or other NPS area, just as a driver's license assures one's fellow drivers of proven competence and safety on the roadway. I can foresee two great benefits which would accrue directly from the instigation of such a system.

First, virtually all park visitors would have had mandatory exposure to the particulars of park regulations. This would result unquestionably in large-scale reduction of the number of infractions, from the very day the system was activated, simply because people would not have to guess how to behave in a given circumstance. Second, in effect, no one could plead utter ignorance of a regulation which he had violated. Thus any illegality apprehended could be punished to the full extent of the law.

Naturally, the mechanics involved in executing this plan could be rather complex. Still, I feel they are certainly not

insurmountable and that the benefits would far outweigh the work and expense entailed. I would suggest a scheme such as this for undertaking the park-pass plan.

1. The park-pass would be issued upon successful completion of a simple examination.

Kilroy was here, too—but this time the U.S. magistrate caught and fined him for his artistry.

2. The examination would be administered at a variety of public offices designated by the regional directors of the NPS, including Park Service and other Department of Interior offices and centers. Quite possibly, examination forms could be distributed at post offices as are Civil Service and Internal Revenue standard forms. Take-home tests need not be ruled out, for if the examinee were to certify by his signature that the answers were his own, then he could be held legally responsible for their content. If administered on this level costs would be very low indeed.
3. Once bestowed, the park-pass need be renewed only at very infrequent intervals. Like road safety habits, the park ethics involved should, once they are put into practice, remain in the visitor's mind very firmly.
4. A fee may or may not be levied for issuance of the park-pass; with a small fee the program should be self-supporting.
5. Depending on future decisions regarding fees for general park use, a Golden Eagle sort of fee structure, renewable annually, could be incorporated into the park-pass.

As far as the economics of the plan are concerned, no matter what the cost of its adoption, it could not possibly exceed the cost, in dollars and grief, to both the Park Service and sensitive park visitors.

Now I would like to propose a potential park-pass examination. I have chosen objective testing means and feel this to be inevitable for practical processing purposes, as well as to prevent discrimination against those not facile with the language. The parenthetical "X's" refer to correct answers in this multiple-choice example.

Park-Pass Examination

This park-pass test is being given to help you learn the purposes and regulations of our national parks and the reasons behind them. For each question, please check the letter of the answer you feel is right (just one for each).

1. National parks and monuments are:
   a. The same as national forests.
   b. Administered for multiple use, including logging, mining and grazing.
   c. Places where nature is as fully protected as possible, with compatible recreation encouraged but economic exploitation prohibited.
   d. Basically for recreation, where people may do as they please to enjoy themselves in the outdoors with little restriction.
   e. Especially for scientific purposes, where all recreation is discouraged.
2. In a national park or monument, the visitor may:
   a. Take *no* natural objects whatsoever for souvenirs or other purposes without special permission.
   b. Take tree cones and rocks, but not flowers.
   c. Take anything for hobby or souvenir purposes—minerals, butterflies, flowers, etc.
   d. Take what he needs, but not more.
   e. Take things for truly scientific purposes, for which he needs no permit.
3. Animals in NPS areas:
   a. May be fed if one is careful.
   b. May be handled if one is gentle, but may not be fed.
   c. May be killed if not desirable, such as snakes, spiders, and slugs.
   d. Are entirely protected, except fish in some areas, biting insects, and dangerous species that are actually attacking.
   e. Are there for the public's use as regulated by the state game department.
4. Trailbikes, motorcycles, jeeps, and other motorized vehicles and bicycles:
   a. May be used wherever practical without getting stuck.
   b. May be used on roads and trails only, to prevent erosion.
   c. May be used *only* on designated roads, never on trails, and must be adequately muffled.
   d. May be equipped and ridden as the owner desires, maxi-

mum visitor enjoyment being the object.
e. May be used in waste areas anytime: dunes, beaches, marshes, etc.

5. Trash, garbage, and refuse:
   a. Should be buried, especially in the backcountry.
   b. Should be discarded where it is not likely to be seen.
   c. May be dumped anywhere; the Rangers are paid to collect it for your convenience.
   d. Should be saved until a proper container is found for it in a garbage deposit area.
   e. *Must* always be taken home with you.
6. Visitor conduct in NPS areas:
   a. Is entirely up to the visitor.
   b. Should never be overly noisy or rowdy, in or out of camp.
   c. Can be citylike and undisciplined in camp and at places where many people gather, but not on trails in wilderness.
   d. Should be as in any park or playground—uninhibited.
   e. May certainly be loud and boisterous, in keeping with the recreational theme, as long as no one complains to the ranger.
7. Carving or painting of initials or slogans on natural objects and buildings, cutting trees and shrubs, and use of guns in parks and monuments:
   a. Are all perfectly acceptable—a park is a place to let go.
   b. Are different kinds of things—the first two are okay, but not the last, for safety's sake.
   c. Are frowned upon, but are not punishable offenses.
   d. Are all basic American citizens' rights, which may not be restricted.
   e. Are all serious forms of vandalism, for which one can be strictly punished under federal law.
8. Campfires in NPS areas:
   a. Are a real tradition and are encouraged anywhere, anytime, with any wood that can be found.
   b. Are potentially dangerous; may be built only in designated fireplaces in campgrounds, only by permit in the backcountry, only with designated wood supplies, and must be carefully extinguished.
   c. Are safe these days; forest fires are no longer a real danger because of Smokey's campaign.
   d. May never be built, under any circumstances, due to fire danger and wood shortage.
9. Camping in national parks and monuments:
   a. Is the real reason for the parks—anyone is encouraged to throw his sleeping bag or tent down wherever he can find space.
   b. The above is true only when designated campsites are full.
   c. May be done in trailers and campers on any pullout or back road, since not enough campgrounds have been built.
   d. Is restricted to tents, and lean-to's made of brush and boughs.
   e. Is restricted to designated campsites except in the back country; no trench-digging or bough-cutting allowed.
10. Pets and small children:
   a. Must be restrained—pets always on leash, children under control of a parent; pets never allowed on trails.
   b. Are not allowed in national parks and monuments.
   c. May run freely—they need the exercise and fun.
   d. Are not restricted as long as they don't hurt the animals.
   e. May be loose in campground, but not elsewhere.

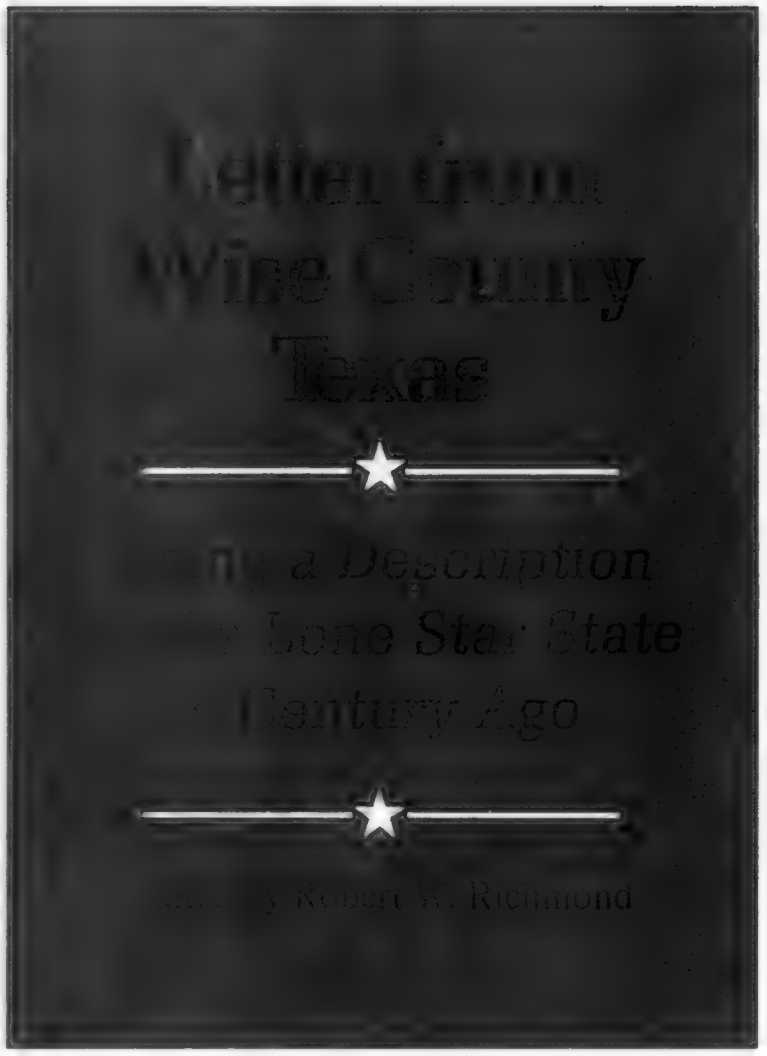
THERE ARE SEVERAL comments which should be appended here. First, there will certainly be other questions of valid construction which might well supplement or replace mine. But I do feel that the ten examples given here are a good base, and that they embrace the material we need to communicate. In addition, there are surely other forms which an examination might take. Programmed instruction, a powerful and promising new educational tool, might be employed here with great success. It presents the material, tests the learner and corrects the answers simultaneously, allowing for an eventual 100 percent score for everyone, at his own speed. It could well do the job better than a pure test, though it would require some degree of testing expertise to construct.

Since the illiterate, young children and many foreign visitors clearly could not understand the suggested exam, I believe it would be proper (and feasible) to construct alternative tests in different languages and on several levels of comprehension, age, and intelligence. These should vary to meet various experience quotients as well, such as rural versus ghetto. This is a vital consideration since the park visitorship overall reflects a need to attract a more balanced section of the population.

There is much in the way of testing and measurement research which could be incorporated into first establishing the goals and objectives of the test, then building a test to satisfy those goals. Of course, a booklet of preparatory information should be available for study, as with driver's license testing. If, as would surely occur, certain individuals could not handle any of the test options, there could be temporary park permits issued so that they could visit the parks in the company of one who held a park-pass. This would provide for short-term foreign visitors, the illiterate, the retarded, and young children.

It is a matter of personal conjecture at this point as to whether or not the park-pass plan as I have presented it will work. I think a powerful assumption can be made that it will, and I deeply hope that it will have the chance.

Robert M. Pyle *is presently in England on a Fulbright Scholarship researching insect life for the British Nature Conservancy program. He is a former part-time park ranger and nature interpreter at Sequoia National Park, California.*



On September 21, 1871, the *Saline County Journal* of Salina, Kansas, published a letter from a correspondent named Moses Wiley. Obviously, he had been asked by the newspaper to describe Texas as he saw it at the time, and he went into considerable detail. Wiley's name is not found in the standard reference works of either Texas or Kansas. Who he was and what became of him after this reporting effort was finished is not known. He was apparently a man with a sense of humor and a good eye for what was going on about him; he also had the ordinary westerner's prejudice toward the American Indian.

Although his views of both Indians and certain army officers were jaundiced, his comments are of value because they undoubtedly reflected the attitudes of most of the white Texans with whom he came in contact. They would have also been compatible with the views held by most of the readers of the *Saline County Journal*, since Kansas in the same period had experienced considerable difficulty with the Plains tribes.

This letter does not alter the course of history, nor does it reveal hitherto unknown facts. It is a document of some value, however, for it represents the kind of writing and thinking that appealed to Great Plains settlers in the 1860s and 1870s.

FROM OUR TEXAS CORRESPONDENT

Wise County, Texas, Aug. 22d, 1871

To the Editors of the Saline County Journal:

Sirs: In compliance with your request that I should write a communication for your paper descriptive of this section of Texas, the manners and customs of the people, the nature of the country and its chief resources, I now set about the task. Though it can hardly be expected that I can treat of these matters in full as the subject is too extensive in its nature to be embodied in a single letter, yet I hope to be able to scan them in a manner interesting to your readers.

Starting then with the first item, the people, in their manners and customs, I should say that they are totally unlike the Patagonians, who are said to be without manners and addicted to horrid customs. In fact I find the people here very much like those of other states. The men here as elsewhere make love to women, which conduct as usual is distasteful to the female sex. 'Tis true the girls wear ornaments and strive to render themselves attractive, but this is only to please their mothers. Some of the men are said to be fond of money. One can meet with plenty of rogues and rascals here, but also there can be found men of the highest stamp of honor and integrity.

The most marked difference between Texas and other states is in the subject of popular education. In this respect Texas is far behind her sister states. It is not unfrequently that one meets here with a man worth a hundred thousand dollars in property, who cannot write a sentence in English grammatically. Cattle being the principal wealth of the country, boys here learn to ride and read cattle brands before they have learned the alphabet. But this state of things will disappear with the introduction of railroads.

In fact, a great deal has been done in the last few years toward the introduction of schools. One important change for the better has taken place within the last year. That is brought about by a law, enacted by the legislature at its last session, prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons, excepting in the frontier counties. Formerly every man used to carry a revolver and bowie knife on his person, and the appearance presented by a crowd of people "armed to the teeth," without any apparent cause, was calculated to shock the sensibilities of one from the midst of civilization and refinement. On the frontier, where one is likely to meet with hostile Indians, it would be foolish to go unprepared. But there is no reason for carrying weapons in the interior counties of the state, and the people certainly present a more civilized appearance without them.

But whatever may be wanting in polish of manners in the

ALL PHOTOS KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

General Grierson: "Instead of having the Indians under control, he was actually afraid of them."

Texans, they make up for the deficiency in genuine hospitality, which trait of character seems to disappear with the march of civilization. No better illustration can be given of this virtue in its native grandeur than in the anecdote often told in this country of a Texas *ranchero* sitting in front of his house, said house composed of picket walls, clapboard roof, and ground floor.

A traveler rides up, on horseback.

Texan: "Stake out your horse, stranger." The stranger does so, then comes up to the cabin.

Texan: "Yer'll find some corn bread and meat in that skillet, help yourself." He pitches in and eats his supper.

Texan: "Reckon yer must be tired; if yer want to lie down, jest spread down that 'ere raw-hide and turn in and rough it, over there in the corner."

In northern Texas, as in the middle and southern portions of the state, a great amount of attention is paid to stock raising. This business has generally been considered the chief source of income to this section.

The cattle are branded by the owner, when calves, and turned loose upon the prairie. Reared in this way, they are often as wild as the game. The principal labor connected with the business consists in what is here termed "cow-hunting." The owner of a large stock of cattle will keep in his employ from ten to twenty cowboys, who may be said to live in the saddle. Their business is to hunt the range, gather the calves, and brand them, and to gather beeves for the purpose of sale, or driving to a foreign market.

As a matter of necessity a great many calves grow to be yearlings without being branded, and when they are weaned and quit following the cows, it is impossible to tell who is the owner. It has thereby become the custom for all stock raisers to turn out in the winter season for the purpose of "conscripting," that is, branding yearlings. One can then brand in his own brand all the unbranded yearlings which he gathers. A branding scene is an interesting one; a fighting yearling will sometimes make it lively for the hands.

The cattle of this section are of a superior grade to those raised in the more southern parts of the state. It may be said to be an intermediate grade, between the thoroughbred or Durham stock and the Spanish stock of the Gulf coast (*boves* — long horns). I should advise anyone desiring to purchase beeves for wintering in Kansas to make his purchase in this section of the state.

The difference in Texas between the price of Red river cattle and Spanish cattle is from two to three dollars; whereas, when wintered over in Kansas and shipped, the margin is from twenty to thirty dollars in favor of Red river beeves.

One great draw-back to the stockmen of this country and, in fact, to the advancement of the whole section of Texas frontier, is the Indian troubles. It is impossible for one to manage wild cattle without a large number of horses, and when the Indians steal these, he is obliged to buy again at once, in order to keep his hands on the move, and frequently the Indians will steal him out again as soon as he gets a "remount." One large stock raiser on the Brazos, Mr. Rivers, has lost in this manner about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of horses in the last eighteen months. This is not the worst feature of their depredations. They have broken up many settlements and committed many horrible outrages in the last five years. In the fall of 1868 a large force of Indians made a raid into this country, murdered several families and drove off about five hundred head of horses. They came very near depopulating the country as the settlers started on a general stampede, leaving everything behind them. I was connected with the U. S. Army at that time, and on a scout up Denton creek, I passed several abandoned farms where the owners had apparently been in very comfortable circumstances. The

crops were gathered into the cribs, calves in the pen, chickens and everything else which goes to make up a well-stocked farm were in abundance; everything was left behind and the owners fled. Starvation was before them, and Indians threatening from behind. As if to add to the aggravation of the case as much as possible, these same Indians have been fed and otherwise cared for at Fort Sill, by the U. S. government.

The raids into this part of the frontier have been made principally by the Kiowa Indians. In September, 1869, I went to Fort Sill, in company with some citizens of this part of the state, for the purpose of trying to recover some stolen horses. Gen. Grierson was then in command of that post and is yet. He at first promised fairly enough, but—when a horse was identified by one of our party and proven by a disinterested person, the owner's brand found on the horse and other items to establish ownership, then Grierson could not compel the Indian to give up the horse—we came to the conclusion that instead of having the Indians under control he was actually afraid of them.

I was somewhat surprised to learn from the interpreters that General Philip Sheridan had yielded to the Kiowas, in the matter of the surrender of the Texas horses. He was at that time a Major General, expecting promotion to the rank of Lieutenant General, and he did not dare compromise his prospects and brave the Indian ring by an act of simple justice toward a few Texas frontiersmen.

Frequently since the establishment of the post of Fort Sill, ransoms have been paid to the Kiowas by their agent for women and children carried into captivity from Texas, thus placing a bid and a premium upon their rascality. Last year seven hundred dollars were paid for the ransom of women taken from the town of Henrietta, and when the money was paid the chief remarked, "Me go to Texas, get more."

But it seems as though the Indians have met with a check at last. General Sherman paid a visit to this country during the spring, and while at Fort Richardson, the Kiowas, about one hundred and fifty in number, headed by their Chief Satantee [Satanta], attacked a train of wagons about twenty miles from the post, murdered seven men and took off forty mules. Gen. Sherman visited the scene of the massacre and then went to Fort Sill, where he arrived at about the same time the Indians did. [A wagon train owned by Warren and Duposes, government contractors, was en route from Weatherford to Fort Griffin when, on May 18, 1871, it was attacked on Flint Creek in Young County.]

As it has turned out, this occurrence, hard as it was upon the sufferers, was about the best possible event, for this frontier, that could have happened. Gen. Sherman, being the General-in-chief of the army and backed by his military reputation, was perhaps the only man in the nation capable of grappling successfully with the Indian ring; but above all he is a man of an independent mind and ambitions to use his high position for a good purpose.

It had been the custom of the Indians on returning from

General Sherman: "The only man in the nation capable of grappling successfully with the Indian ring."

their raids into Texas to come into the reservation and boast of their murders, even to Gen. Grierson, exhibiting in corroboration of their statements the scalps they had taken—often women's hair. At the same time, Grierson was making the most extraordinary statements in his official reports in regard to the peaceable deportment of these same Indians. As usual these Indians came to Fort Sill and commenced to boast of their achievements, whereupon Gen. Sherman ordered the arrest of all the chiefs connected with the expedition, to be sent to Texas, and turned over to the civil authorities for trial for murder. There were seven chiefs in the party; three were arrested—Satantee, and his son Satank, and Big Tree. While enroute to Texas, Satank, who was in a wagon with two soldier guards, slipped his handcuffs and attacked his guards with a knife, wounding one of them in the leg. He was killed by the other guards, who shot him fifteen times. The other two were taken to Jacksboro, tried, and sentenced to be hung on the first day of September, 1871.

Since this arrest was made, there have been no raids made into Texas by the Kiowas, and from the present appearance of things, I think that Gen. Grierson, may hereafter *truthfully* report the Kiowas as quiet.

Major General Sheridan "did not dare compromise his prospects" for a third star by pursuing the Kiowas.

I HAVE NOW SHOWN how much Texas has suffered through the imbecility and mismanagement of Gen. Grierson, and what a great advantage to the frontier it would be to have an able officer in command at Fort Sill, but the state has been equally unfortunate in the officer who commands the Department of Texas, Gen. J. J. Reynolds.

This officer has enjoyed the command of the state ever since Gen. Griffin died in the fall of 1867, with only a short *interregnum*, yet he has not once in nearly four years' reign paid so much attention to the frontiers as to visit his outposts.

For a long period the reconstruction laws had the monopoly of his time, but for more than a year the civil authority has passed out of his hands. The question then arises, what is it that keeps him from achieving a military renown upon the frontiers? I have been credibly informed that it is the army contractors, and that his time is now as completely monopolized in *financiering* with them as it formerly was by the acts of Congress. If such is really the case, one must not judge him too severely. If it is true that he is now living in San Antonio in a fine mansion, the gift of an army contractor, revelling in splendor, and enjoying all the luxuries which money and a corrupt—I should say obliging—Quartermaster can provide. Why should he trouble himself in regard to the sufferings of the bleeding frontier? And, as he is an ambitious man, it may be that he is an aspirant for Presidential honor, and in practicing *receptions*, is only trying to perfect himself in the form of deportment peculiar to that high office. A friend of mine has suggested that if he were called upon to improvise a motto for the Presidential coat of arms, he would only take the first words of an ordinary conveyance. "Know all men by these presents." It is well to do things in a magnificent scale, even in the way of receiving presents; it charms the admiration, but thus far it has not served to stop Indian raids.

Sometimes the white men would get the advantage of the Indian. One method of baiting for Indians was to stake out a horse during the full moon and two or three white men hide near him with shotguns. In the night the Indian, slipping about to steal horse, sees this horse and coming up to him suddenly finds himself enfiladed.

The success of one of these experiments inspired a dog-latin poet to get off the following effusions:

Indianus in the woods
Intentus he on white man's goods,
Such as equem;
White man see him oculies,
"Spoleam," dixit her, "I guess"
"Your little ludem."

Tunc ille takes horse, and stakes him
In loco where a shotgun rakes him,
Si Injun took it;
Injun creeps up tarn silente,
Gets the buckshot slam in ventre,
Tunc kicks the bucket.

The sequel non cognisco,
Sed eadem I know this though.
He never stole again.
Cum meminiscitur an ancient kind,
Qui unus poet once did sing,
He never *smole* again.

MORAL

Injuns omnes nunc be spry,
Aures dare ad mihi,
And listen to my proclamation:
Si non vult your scalp to lose,
Ut leveatis young pappoose,
Just stay upon your reservation.

For if to Texas veniant
Warriors vestres cum war chant,
Albi viri 'il try to check 'em,
Et si in proelo you are took,
Anserem vestrem they will cook,
Et frangere *neckum*.

Passing from the Indian difficulties to the nature of the country, I can find no better means of describing its general appearance than by comparing it to Kansas. It has the same rolling broken prairies, but an abundance of timber in the bottoms. From Red river, which is the northern boundary line of the state, for about two hundred miles there extends southward to the Brazos river a belt of timber known as the "cross timbers." This belt is of an average width of about twenty miles. The timber on the uplands is principally scrub-oak or blackjack, but in the bottoms, the walnut, pecan, Spanish oak, burr oak, elm and ash are to be seen in superlative grandeur. The burr oak is a very hard wood, and when seasoned a nail can with difficulty be driven into it. The Spanish oak is the most compact, firm, and durable timber in the country. The pecan is a magnificent growth; it resembles the hickory tree, but the limbs are larger, and extending out some distance from the main trunk, they form a fine shade when the tree is in foliage. No pine grows in this part of the state, though there are large pine forests in eastern Texas, and pine lumber is delivered here at from three to five dollars per hundred feet.

There is an abundance of game in the cross timbers, such as wild turkeys, of which there are countless thousand, deer and antelope of which I have often seen from twenty to thirty in a herd, and also plenty of bear, panther and wildcat.

The buffalo come into Texas in winter and migrate northward on the approach of warm weather.

The land in the cross timbers is of a light, sandy appearance but very productive, equally as good as the best Kansas lands. The principal streams passing through the upper or northern end of the cross timbers are Sandy and West Fork of Trinity.

The crops this year are a failure on account of the severe drouth; there has been no rain here for nearly ninety days, and everything even to the grass seems to be scorched and burnt up.

The climate here is much warmer than in Kansas, being in a latitude about six degrees further south than Salina. This has the effect of producing earlier crops and a more luxuriant growth of vegetation of all kinds. But one does not suffer so much with the heat as in Kansas, as the Gulf breeze prevails here in the summer, blowing generally from 3 o'clock p.m. until midnight.

Besides the fine climate, fine soil, and fine timber, this part of the state has great mineral resources. On the upper Brazos is a fine coal region. When the troops were stationed at Fort Belknap, Young county, they used to get their coal from the "outcroppings." Wagon trains sometimes go to these regions from the distance of one hundred miles and load with a first-rate article of bituminous coal. No effort is made to sink shafts. An abundance is obtained from surface digging.

On the Wichita river there are fine copper and silver leads. Prof. Ressler, of the Geological Bureau, U. S. Patent Office, visited these copper leads last year and pronounced the ore as fine as any in the United States for smelting. His party

Satanta: A Kiowa chief branded by white Texans as a kidnapper, horse thief, and murderer.

were attacked by Indians, and he would have been "gobbled" but for a strong escort of soldiers from Fort Richardson. Two of his party were killed.

This spring there was a prospecting party of Texans who went to the same country to prospect for silver. They struck the lead and brought away some of the ore which when smelted yielded a large percentage of metal. I am afraid to mention the percentage yield for fear that your readers might think I am exaggerating. This party was also attacked by Indians, and one killed, the rest escaping by hard running.

In Hopkins and Lampasas counties, there are fine sulphur springs, which places will some day become famous summer resorts.

In this county (Wise) there are salt licks as fine as any in the world. In the southwest part of the county is what is called the Salt Lake, where salt was manufactured during the late civil war. Within a quarter of a mile from where I am writing there is a very fine salt lick. Wild animals frequent these places. Deer and domestic cattle go there for the salt, while the wolves, panthers, and wildcats watch the licks to prey upon them. A good way to kill deer is to watch the licks from a scaffold built in a tree. I passed a night once upon a scaffold built in this manner. It was then I first learned to appreciate the term "howling wilderness." An

Satank was shot fifteen times when he tried to escape on the way to his murder trial in Jacksboro.

Big Tree: He and Satanta were tried and sentenced to hang, but the governor intervened.

English cockney could make no mistake in describing the noise, for I heard both owls and howls that night.

This, dear sirs, about completes my description of this state. To those who desire further information, my advice is to visit the state and see for themselves.

Very truly your ob'dt serv't

MOSES WILEY

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Some of Moses Wiley's comments on people need amplification. Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson (Brevet Major General), Tenth U. S. Cavalry, was a supporter of Grant's "peace policy" in Indian affairs. He had difficulty realizing that Kiowas and Comanches were little interested in agriculture at the agency when there were horses and mules to be stolen in Texas. However, he was maligned unnecessarily in 1870–71. W. S. Nye in *Carbine and Lance* (Norman, 1937) discusses in detail Grierson's problems at Fort Sill.

Wiley's remarks about Sheridan refer to a conference with the Kiowas in February 1869 at the site of Fort Sill, just before Sheridan was promoted to lieutenant general, March 4, 1869. Wiley overdrew his concern for a third star, though, for Sheridan was more concerned about what he could do with his troops and the consequences, should he engage in wholesale punishment of the Indians.

The letter writer was incorrect when he said that Satank was the son of Satanta, but he was right when he noted that Satank was killed by his guards. Satanta and Big Tree were tried July 5, 1871, at Jacksboro and sentenced to hang. The governor commuted their sentences to life imprisonment, and they were sent to the state prison at Huntsville. Both were paroled on the good behavior of the tribe, but in 1874 Satanta was returned to Huntsville, where he took his own life four years later. Big Tree was confined again at Fort Sill, but he lived out his days in peace.

Colonel Joseph J. Reynolds (Brevet Major General), Third U. S. Cavalry, commanded successively the Rio Grande Subdistrict, the Fifth Military District, and the Department of Texas. Deeply involved in reconstruction administration, he was disliked by many Texans. He ended military rule in the state on April 16, 1870. Colonel Charles Griffin (Brevet Major General), Thirty-fifth U. S. Infantry, was commanding the Military District of Texas, with headquarters at Galveston, in September 1867, when he was fatally stricken with yellow fever.

Additional information on people and places mentioned by Wiley may be found in Carrie J. Crouch, *A History of Young County, Texas* (Austin, 1956); Carl Coke Rister, *Fort Griffin on the Texas Frontier* (Norman, 1956); and Walter P. Webb, editor, *The Handbook of Texas* (Austin, 1952).

Robert W. Richmond, *state archivist of Kansas and lecturer in history at Washburn University, Topeka, is co-author of three books on Kansas and the West, and a frequent contributor of articles and reviews to journals and magazines.*

A Matter of Opinion

CLEARCUT: Letters from Readers

The letters excerpted below are in response to the article "Clearcut," by Nancy Wood (THE AMERICAN WEST, *November 1971) which concerned the utilization of our national forest land. An in-depth comment by a spokesman for the U.S. Forest Service was published in the January 1972 issue, and now we present several more opinions on this subject.*

TO THE EDITOR:

The author of "Clearcut" appears to want a laissez-faire forest, somehow without its massive tangles of blowdown and its Tillamook burns. It is possible, though, that her opinions have been formed without the benefit of having seen first hand a deer or an elk herd die out as the big trees take over from the grass and browse, or watching the herds spring back after a fire. If we persist on putting out forest fires, how can nature fulfill its purpose of opening the forest canopy over large areas so grass and bitter brush and tree species—that will not start in deep shade—can grow, and so there will be feed for deer and elk and, to be honest, my horses?

Lynn Godfrey
Pasco, Washington

TO THE EDITOR:

Clearcutting or other tree harvest is not the end, as some contend, but the beginning of a new forest. And with today's high land prices and current wood crop values, foresters plan harvests, including clearcuts, and forest regeneration to minimize the period when lands are bare and idle. As a result, forests now are reestablished in a much shorter time than in earlier days.

William J. Cary, Jr.
Director, Public Affairs
Western Wood Products Association
Portland, Oregon

TO THE EDITOR:

A thousand bouquets to Nancy Wood on her fine article "Clearcut" in the November issue. I am requesting that all resource personnel in the district read it. The time is long overdue for us federal land managers to start thinking in terms of "dollars and sense" rather than "dollars and cents."

Don C. Mellgren
District Manager, Missoula, Montana
Bureau of Land Management

TO THE EDITOR:

Sure, there are those who see ugliness in newly-clearcut areas. There are those who see a red, wrinkled and howling newborn child as ugly. And, when that child retires he will likely be the first in line to object to the harvesting of the "virgin forest" standing on the very acres his father thought to be clearcut-ugly.

Those of us who go into the forest lands and plant trees, and who clearcut where that will aid trees to get a start, and who would like to afford to be able to keep the land for the decades to maturity, would appreciate any *constructive* suggestions.

Harry W. Falk, Jr.
President, Mendocino Investment Company
Los Altos, California

TO THE EDITOR:

It's time that people like Nancy Wood go out into the woods to see what's going on. It's time they went out there with an open mind and not with preconceived ideas which they hope to support by searching for small bits of evidence and using half-truths, innuendos, and strange camera angles.

James R. Craine
Forester, Edward Hines Lumber Company
Laramie, Wyoming

TO THE EDITOR:

Nancy Wood presents a simplistic view of complex environmental and socio-economic situations and infers a simplistic solution. As muckraking it's pretty good, but it lacks the thoughtful, in depth approach needed in questions of national concern. The selection of photos, the quotations, her observations and statistics are one extreme, while the lumber industry's view may be the other. Perhaps someday, someone will write an article which represents the facts, which, in this case like many others, lie somewhere between the extremes.

Robert W. Cermak
Pueblo, Colorado

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

Red Man's Land — White Man's Law

REVIEWED BY PAUL E. WILSON

A BOOK REVIEW is necessarily subjective and may be more meaningful when the reader knows something about the reviewer. Therefore, it seems appropriate for me to acknowledge that I am neither historian nor anthropologist—and that I claim little distinction as a scholar. I teach criminal law to law students, but I am fascinated by American history and, like numerous other such buffs, share the currently accentuated interest in and concern for the American Indian. Perhaps my motivation is a sense of guilt, possibly an unarticulated sense that the Indian's ways are wiser than ours; hopefully my interest represents an emerging awareness that the American Indian is the first American and that no examination of our history and culture can ignore the Indian and his heritage. Whatever the reasons, I have been delighted by the expanding body of literature about the American Indian, and in my judgment Washburn's *Red Man's Land—White Man's Law* is a truly significant addition.

Red Man's Land—White Man's Law: A Study of the Past and Present Status of the American Indian by Wilcomb E. Washburn *(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1971; 280 pp., index, notes, $7.95).*

Like much contemporary Americana, the book has an element of introspection, a technique by which white Americans engage in a discomforting analysis of their relations with other Americans whose claims on America's bounty have been unsatisfied. Much of this literature, intended as an instrument of protest, is polemic in its treatment: much represents little in the way of scholarly achievement. Hence, it is refreshing to find in Dr. Washburn's book an approach that is analytical, not emotional, and factual, not argumentative.

The book undertakes to survey the history of the legal status of the Indian with respect to the institutions established in his land by the European intruders and their descendants, although its brevity and range preclude treatment in depth. For the general reader, rather than the specialist in Indian law or Indian history, the book should be an important resource in gaining a perspective of the contemporary legal status of the American Indian and the history that has produced it.

The author is a historian, currently chairman of the Department of American Studies at the Smithsonian Institution. Hence, his approach to the legal status of the American Indian is a historical one. The body of the book is divided into four parts; Part I discusses "Theoretical Assumptions"; Part II, Indian-white relationships from discovery to the present; Part III, Indian lands and land-related problems; Part IV, personal rights and status of the Indian people.

Contrary to most accounts of Indian-European interaction, Dr. Washburn begins not with the discovery of the Indians by the white men but with an examination of the influences that shaped European attitudes toward the newfound people. The Christian doctrine embraced the assumption that Christians had both the moral right and legal authority to overspread the world. By the time the Spanish confronted the American Indian, this doctrine had hardened, the author asserts, "in a mould of bigotry, intolerance, militancy and greed which made it the mortal enemy of the native American." The American Indian, according to the Spanish-Catholic notion, was an infidel—mentally, morally, and culturally inferior—and a proper subject for religious conversion and material exploitation. This attitude was hardly conducive to the growth of peaceful relations on the basis of reason and mutual respect.

Part II deals mainly with the English experience upon the continent of North America, influenced initially by Spanish precedent. The lands of the Indian tribes were regarded as fair targets for English colonial aspirations, and the displacement and subjugation of the Indian were excused by a mythology that portrayed him as a savage nomad with no fixed place of habitation. The pervasive attitude toward the Indian's status as a person and his right to self-government was one of hostile disregard, justified by contrived principles of legality and morality.

In the eighteenth century, Indian affairs continued to be a major concern of the British and the colonial governments. After the American Revolution, the national government frequently protested its good faith and commitment to justice in dealing with the Indian tribes, but demonstrated no ability or willingness to check the encroachments of white land hunters upon Indian lands. However, at the end of the century a basic federal Indian policy began to evolve—largely the creation of two members of the Washington cabinet, Henry Knox and Thomas Jefferson — which purported to recognize the right of Indian tribes to lands they occupied, declaring that the Indians ought not to be divested of their lands except through fair and bona fide purchases made with the approval of the United States. Also, during this period, the treaty system of negotiation with the Indians developed, with its implicit acknowledgment by the government of the independent and national character of the Indian peoples with whom it dealt. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating; these new policies, however benign, apparently had little impact on the life of the Indian.

The role of the United States government in Indian-white relations during the nineteenth century was multi-faceted. Regulation of trade, complex transactions affecting Indian lands, removal

Continued on page 63

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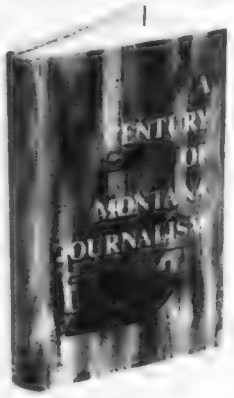

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Plains Indian Art from Fort Marion

REVIEWED BY JOHN C. EWERS

DURING THE YEARS 1875–78, old Fort Marion at St. Augustine, Florida, became a uniquely interesting art colony when Indian warriors of several Southern Plains tribes, who had been arrested for their parts in raids upon settlers in and near the Indian Territory, were given pencils, inks, and paper, and encouraged to make drawings for sale. Their sympathetic jailer, Capt. Richard H. Pratt (who later founded the famed Carlisle Indian School), deserves much of the credit for discovering and publicizing the talents of these men.

Plains Indian Art from Fort Marion by Karen Daniels Petersen *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 340 pp., illus., biblio., appen., index, $9.95).*

Mrs. Petersen over a period of years has tracked down 749 examples of these drawings by twenty-six Indians in widely scattered museums, archives, and private collections. She has determined the conditions under which the pictures were created, identified the artists who made them, and pointed out their common characteristics and individual differences. She has also sought to define the place of this Fort Marion art in the history of Plains Indian art. Recognizing that the artists employed conventional devices that may be strange to most of her readers, she added a Pictographic Dictionary, which makes details of many of the illustrations more meaningful to both Indian and non-Indians of the 1970s.

Fort Marion art emerges as both nostalgic and lively, portraying aspects of the free life on the western grassland the prisoners had known before they were put in chains and transported by train to far-off St. Augustine. Yet few of the pictures show heroic war actions —counting coup on enemy tribesmen or whites, for instance, the favorite subject of earlier Plains Indian painting on buffalo hides and tipi linings. Hunting scenes and camp life are more common. As with other untrained folk artists, these men's ambitions tended to outrun their knowledge of basic principles of perspective, proportion, and relative scale. They delighted in portraying men and women on horseback dressed in their best, richly ornamented clothes—even when engaged in such bloody business as butchering buffalo. The author points out that in their zeal to idealize the old tribal life they tended to forget that their finest clothes had been reserved for special occasions.

To me, as to Mrs. Petersen, the work of Making Medicine, a Cheyenne and the oldest artist of the group, is especially significant. Perhaps he had created pictures on paper before he arrived at Fort Marion; certainly he was drawing with a degree of sophistication soon after he arrived there. Quite probably his example influenced the younger artists.

The author found that very few continued to create pictures after they returned to their tribes. During the Indians' few years of imprisonment, the buffalo had been exterminated and the old nomadic life abruptly shut off. They found the grim realities of reservation existence an arid environment for artistic creativity. Several artists died of consumption within a decade.

Mrs. Petersen's book is the product of long and painstaking research in obscure magazines, small-town newspapers, and widely scattered archives. It includes meaty biographies of each of the six Kiowas and five Cheyennes who produced 94 percent of the known drawings by Fort Marion artists (save for Making Medicine, whom she is reserving for a more extended study), as well as outlines of the lives of the group's fifteen other members who created fewer works.

The text is well organized; sure of her facts, the author presents them with both zest and clarity. She has rescued from relative anonymity a significant group of nineteenth-century Indian artists. Her book should be the standard work as well as an example to other writers on Indian art of the historic period, who may too easily despair of the possibility of identifying Indian artists more closely than by tribal affiliations and probable dates.

John C. Ewers *is senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution, and a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

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Reconstruction to Reform

REVIEWED BY JAMES A. WILSON

A FORMER CONFEDERATE STATE with a volatile agrarianism, a peculiar ethnic, racial, and religious blend, a western frontier, endless economic possibilities, and a host of shrewd, self-seeking politicians is bound to have a compelling political past. Texas—from the end of Reconstruction to the elections of 1906—fits the description perfectly, and provides the basis for Alwyn Barr's balanced study, which regional specialists will relish, but which will likely appeal to only the interested nonacademic readers.

Reconstruction to Reform: Texas Politics, 1876–1906 by Alwyn Barr *(University of Texas, Austin, 1971; 315 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.50).*

Reconstruction to Reform recounts and interprets a trying transitional period in Texas history, treating state politics as an aspect of the New South and national free-for-alls that attended the emergence of modern America. The author, a faculty member at Texas Tech University, considers each round of elections and a number of the major issues that confronted voters: public land policy, prohibition, labor and farmer discontent, railroad regulation, and black disfranchisement. Texas Republicanism, hopelessly divided and plagued by the obsession with white supremacy, is analyzed, as are the Grange, Greenback, and Alliance movements.

But perhaps the book's more readable segments are those devoted to "Cyclone" Davis, "Stump" Ashby, and the irascible, frustrated, small-to-middling farmers who turned to Populism as the tonic for their real and supposed ills. Also convincing is the detailed discussion of the Texas Democracy and its ability to maintain "strong support from the state's Anglo-evangelical majority by identifying itself with southern states' rights and white supremacy traditions," and "by creating a coalition of diverse economic, regional, and ethnic and religious groups with flexible appeals to varied local interests." Geographic size alone precluded total unity; but the Democrats were remarkably successful in achieving the closest thing to it.

Why? Primarily because pragmatism was their creed. From governors Richard Coke and James W. Throckmorton to Senator Joseph W. Bailey and the master wire-puller, Edward M. House, they could adjust their course of action to suit the climate. James S. Hogg crusaded for a railroad commission, which established his reform image, but then Hogg's later connection with an oil combine tended to devitalize his previous demands for government control of business. Both Bailey and House were ambitious, and if their support of reform measures would enhance their popularity, then, as Mark Hanna might have put it, "For God's sake let us have reform!"

Nationally, Bailey, Senator Charles Culberson, and Congressman John Nance Garner voted for progressive legislation that would bring to them and their well-heeled constituents "a greater share in the material fruits of a more diverse and dynamic economy." To men like the rough-and-tumble Bailey, profit and public office-holding went hand in hand, and conflict of interest was inconsequential as corporation spokesmen engineered the passage of "sensible" and "business-like" laws in both Austin and Washington. At the same time as an observer concluded in 1901 that "money works wonders with the Texas legislature," the manipulating Colonel House admitted that he had chosen a particular candidate to manage in the 1902 gubernatorial contest because "we could commit him to any line of policy that we thought best."

Genuine reformers were found not among the leading politicians but at the grassroots. They were the protesting agrarians who fared well in the mid-nineties, but who were unable to overcome the entrenched and pliant Democracy. They did, however, contribute the issues that would later result in Democratic success at the polls.

Texas, with a frontier to settle and a large Mexican population, contrasted sharply with its former Confederate partners in many respects, although the Reconstruction imprint was indelible. Yet the changing times begot new political issues, and as additional sources of profit appeared — as industrialization and transportation came to compete with agriculture for gold and greenback dollars—state politics moved away from the old questions of race and philosophy of government. By the opening years of the twentieth century, "the makeup of the state electorate and the practice of politics" were sufficiently different as to determine that "one political era had ended and another had begun."

Texas politics were markedly southern, but with a frontier pull from cattlemen, sheepmen, farmers, and railroaders; from West Texas aridity and the Mexican-American border. This fact prompts an inquiry: Is Texas basically a southern or western state? Or is it far too big to classify? Hopefully a future scholar will explore this concept raised by Professor Barr's exhaustively researched and judiciously written dissertation-turned-book—another typographically attractive and well-indexed monograph from a university press.

James A. Wilson, *presently teaching courses on the American West and the progressive era at Southwest Texas State University, San Marcos, has researched the subject of western and southwestern politics in depth, and has published in regional journals of history.*

The American Frontier

Readings and Documents

by Robert V. Hine

University of California at Riverside

Edwin R. Bingham

University of Oregon

A collection of diverse materials — letters, diaries, reports, recollections, legends, fragments of fiction, interpretive essays — designed to suggest the complexity, vitality, and persistent influence of the frontier experience. After a general introduction that outlines a variety of strands running through the history of the moving frontier and raises questions as to the nature of the westward movement, there are twenty chapters that examine in substantial depth various stages, episodes, and aspects of the development of the American West. Paper approx. 576 pages February 1972 tentatively $6.95

Little, Brown and Company

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Out of the Silence

REVIEWED BY DON GREAME KELLEY

NEARLY a quarter century ago, two books appeared almost simultaneously from neighbor university presses that were clearly designed to open the eyes of more than the museum-wise public to the artistry and craftsmanship of recently living Indians of the Pacific Northwest. I refer to Robert Bruce Inverarity's *Art of the Northwest Coast Indians* (University of California, Berkeley, 1950) and Robert Taylor Davis's *Native Arts of the Pacific Northwest* (Stanford University, 1949). Earlier descriptive works are not lacking, of course, and many entire books or portions of books have appeared since about this area of aboriginal American culture. These range from the well-illustrated catalog *Northwest Coast Indian Art* that Erna Gunther put together for the representative exhibit at the Seattle World's Fair, 1962, and Philip Drucker's *Indians of the Northwest Coast* (the total culture inclusive of the art), a handbook of the American Museum of Natural History (1955), to large-format works by Frederick J. Dockstader, Charles Miles, and a number of others (not forgetting the late Miguel Covarrubias).

Out of the Silence by William Reid *(Outerbridge and Dienstfrey, New York, 1971; 126 pp., illus., maps, notes, $7.95).*

If we have not poked into the shadowed homesites where Haida, Tlingit, Kwakiutl, Tsimshian, or Nootka lived and carved, we know their products only from selected and curated museum examples—in the round or in high-fidelity print. From these artifacts and authoritative texts, we may infer a great deal about the people who fashioned these fascinating and sometimes beautiful masks, boxes, baskets, weapons, blankets, rattles, canoes, and totem poles, many still bright with paints and dyes.

Going into and through this monochrome book—prepared for the Amon Carter Museum of Fort Worth—of Adelaide De Menil's photographs with William Reid's brief text is a quite different experience. Yet, *Out of the Silence* may be more suggestive of the reality than a slick, four-color exhibition piece can ever be. There is an unarguable truthfulness about a grayed doorpost quietly moldering to earth where it served its makers on some remote inlet or island shore. There is a finality in form relieved of the sham of paint, as in a totem pole weathering the years out in its native forest, not serving as a background to color-slide snaps of museum-going tourists. And perhaps a curator's lengthy label fails to say as much to us as this opening page of Reid's:

> WHEN WE LOOK AT A PARTICULAR WORK
> OF NORTHWEST COAST ART
> AND SEE THE SHAPE OF IT,
> WE ARE ONLY LOOKING AT ITS AFTER-
> LIFE. ITS REAL LIFE IS THE MOVEMENT
> BY WHICH IT GOT TO BE THAT SHAPE.

Or his closing one, an epitaph for fallen totemic carvings:

> IN A SCENE SUBDUED
> BY A MAGNIFICENT MOSS COVERING
> AND BY SILENCE,
> THEY RETURN TO THE FOREST
> THAT GAVE THEM BIRTH.

(These are entire pages, opposite photographs. Sometimes the always-large capitals are very light gray on black instead of dark gray on white.)

Much of the peculiarly direct impact of this difficult-to-review book is the product of its severe design, which works with the mat-printed photography and the soft-spoken words to form a resonant and powerful understatement.

The home-thrust of this whole poem of a book came with closing the back cover and finding this statement printed (in white ink) on the clear acetate dust jacket: "William Reid's carvings rival the finest ever produced by his Haida forebears. His mother came from Skidegate [Queen Charlotte Islands], his grandmother from Tanu, the now-vanished village that was once the crowning gem of West Coast art." The vitality of a people, it seems, persists.

Don Greame Kelley, *a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is editor of* Oceans *magazine, former editor of* Pacific Discovery, *and author of* Edge of a Continent *(American West Publishing Company, 1971).*

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Much has already been written of Baker but many of his most daring deeds have remained to be told. It is the purpose of this narrative to supply some of these and to fill in the gaps of Western history. Its source material has been gathered from letters, newspaper articles, unpublished manuscripts, personal interviews with pioneers, and direct information from Baker's living relatives.

Cited: Auerbach, Decker, Howes, Plath, Rader, Soliday, Streeter, Wagner-Camp.

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California Water: A Study in Resource Management

REVIEWED BY T. H. WATKINS

THERE HAS BEEN no more persistent, colorful, or ubiquitous theme in California's history than the constant search for water, particularly by Southern California. Crossing all lines and affecting all interests, this quest has at one time or another shaped the politics and economics, not only of California, but of the other western states, the entire country, and even Mexico. It has also inspired some of the most remarkable water storage and distribution systems in human history, chief among them the Los Angeles Aqueduct, which brought water 238 miles from the Owens Valley in 1913; the Central Valley Project, begun in 1935 and not yet complete; and the spectacular Boulder Dam project, completed in 1941, whose principal dam was until recently the tallest in the world and whose main waterways, the Colorado Aqueduct and the All-American Canal, were the two most ambitious such enterprises since the time of the Romans —all of it at a cost of more than four hundred million dollars.

California Water: A Study in Resource Management edited by David Seckler *(University of California, Berkeley, 1971; 348 pp., intro., maps, charts, appen., index, $15.00).*

As impressive as these engineering adventures were, they appear positively second-rate when compared to the state's current water project, an awesome attempt to deliver more than four million acre-feet* of water from the Feather River watershed of Northern California, some of it going to the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley, most of the rest being pumped over the Tehachapi Mountains into Southern California. The project was authorized by a bond issue passed by the citizens of California in 1960 and today is more than 90 percent complete or under construction. Its Oroville Dam on the Feather River is the tallest earth-fill dam in the world; its California Aqueduct is the longest in human history; its Edmonston Pumping Plant at the foot of the Tehachapi Mountains is the most powerful in the world; and its projected cost of 2.5 billion dollars is the most expensive single obligation ever assumed by the people of an American state.

This is all pretty exciting stuff. But now that the State Water Project is nearly complete (and while the Central Valley Project goes on and on), we discover that the logic that built it no longer works, that the traditional solutions to California's water needs are due for serious reconsideration.

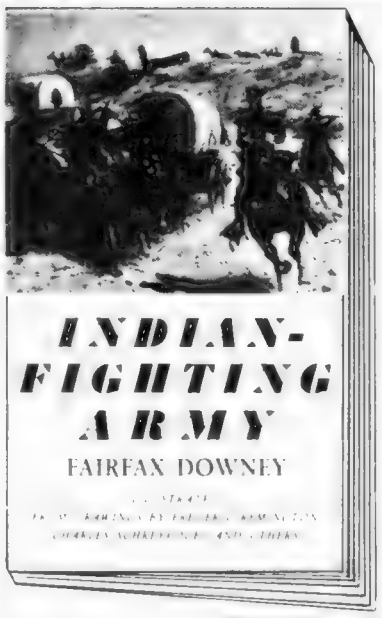
In no single source is this conclusion more thoroughly detailed than in *California Water*, edited by economist David Seckler. A massive study of every aspect of water use in California, from economics to ecology, *California Water* is by far the most comprehensive of a string of modern books devoted to the subject — beginning with *They Would Rule the Valley* (1947) and continuing through *The Thirsty Land* (1948), *The Water Seekers* (1950), *Northern California's Water Industry* (1966), *Aqueduct Empire* (1968), and *The Water Hustlers* (1971). With carefully edited contributions from economists, engineers, resource planners, zoologists, geologists, and chemists, Seckler has structured a readable yet profoundly authoritative assault on the traditions of water use in California—especially as represented by the State Water Project.

The observations offered by these authorities are unsettling. They say that the project was badly overplanned, that the water needs it was designed to meet may never materialize and that, if they do, they will more than likely be met by other, less expensive sources; they say that the project may be a financial disaster, that it is almost certain to operate at a deficit of hundreds of millions of dollars over the next eighty years; they say, finally, that it will be an environmental catastrophe, that its ultimate logic threatens the last of California's wild

Continued on page 63

*An acre-foot of water is enough to cover an acre of ground to a depth of one foot; it is 323,000 gallons—or, as W. H. Hutchinson has noted, enough water to flush approximately 60,000 suburban toilets simultaneously.

3 GREAT BOOKS



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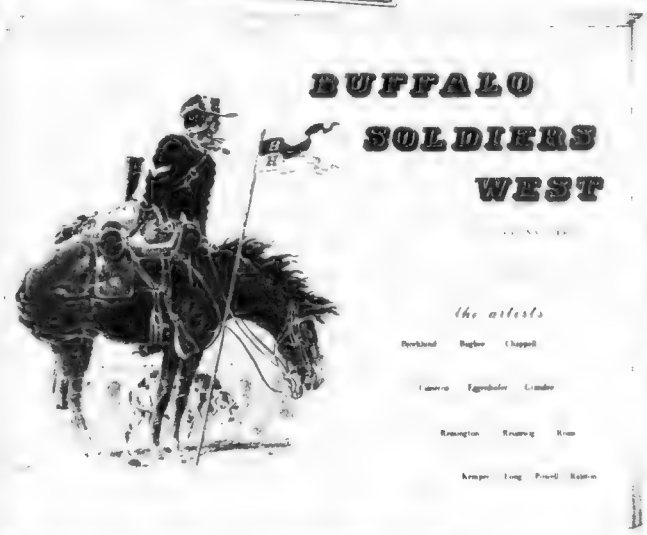

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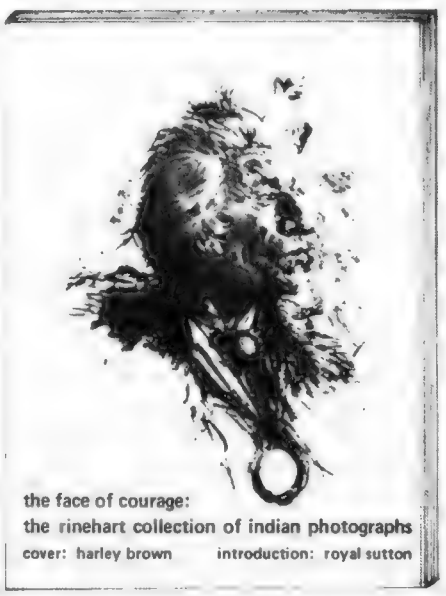

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THE KANSA INDIANS: *A History of the Wind People, 1673-1873.* By WILLIAM E. UNRAU. Volume 114 in THE CIVILIZATION OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN SERIES. Illustrated. $8.95.

COLONEL MORGAN JONES: *Grand Old Man of Texas Railroading.* By VERNON GLADDEN SPENCE. Illustrated. $7.95.

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Mirror Image

REVIEWED BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

THE TIMELY APPEARANCE of this excellent work by Dr. Richard Rudisill has been long awaited by students of photography in the United States.

International historians of photography and of the daguerreotype have treated the American participation and its singular contribution with indifference, and Helmut Gernsheim's failure to consider daguerrean developments in the United States adequately has long required correction. The first suitable work to set the historical record straight was finally published in 1961, *The Daguerreotype in America,* written by this country's leading photographic historian, Beaumont Newhall, then director of the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York. Detailing American daguerrean efforts with both scholarly care and a fluent and graceful text, this major publication was accepted enthusiastically and it remains today, in its second edition, as a seminal work of great strength and substance.

Mirror Image: The Influence of the Daguerreotype on American Society by Richard Rudisill *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1971; 342 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $30.00).*

Newhall's book awakened wider interest among U.S. students in the field and pointed out new areas for further study and documentation, suggesting among others, a serious and full investigation into the influence of the daguerreotype in American society. Rudisill accepted that particular challenge, and in *Mirror Image* he presented his answers with no less excellence than that achieved by Newhall. The narrative study of the cultural, social, and commercial aspects of the daguerreotype and its makers is exhaustive. Valuable new material has been added in the form of editorial machinery—the notes, the annotated bibliography, and the wonderfully full index—earning this book the clear right to be accepted as the long-needed second step, the honorable successor to Beaumont Newhall's definitive contribution.

Most importantly, the full range of social implication and intellectual consequence of the daguerreotype for the American people is contemplated for the first time in Rudisill's book. In a brilliant interpretation, he perceives it on three levels: the daguerreotype as a direct force in shaping the American character and an emerging cultural nationalism; the role played by the "sun pictures" in assisting the infant republic's transition from an agrarian to a machine society; and the daguerreotype as a useful instrument of the transcendentalist spirit, finding its way to both reflecting and stimulating faith and insight by presenting the works of God in nature.

This scholarly work is indeed worthy of the care and concern the young author devoted to it, and it more than repays the effort required of the reader.

The book is illustrated with 202 beautifully printed reproductions of daguerrean images, a selection national in interest and area, underscoring Rudisill's taste and aesthetic enthusiasm.

The handsome, nearly full-page reproductions of two daguerreotypes on the dust jacket highlight the erroneous view of the publishers that many splendid, small pictures look better than a limited number of eye stoppers printed full page or as double-spreads.

The publishers have turned this expensive book out in irreproachable dress. The generous and almost lavish format is first-rate. Design typography, paper choices, care in production, and sturdy binding are all well above the average in commercial book production—perhaps explaining why this fine important book is priced almost beyond the interested reader's ability to purchase it.

It would be a satisfaction to know that an inexpensive edition may one day be available. An enduring accomplishment of this stature requires it.

Robert A. Weinstein, *on the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is an acknowledged authority on the history of the development of photography in the United States.*

The Fourth World of the Hopis

REVIEWED BY W. DAVID LAIRD

The Fourth World of the Hopis by Harold Courlander, decorations by Enrico Arno *(Crown Publishers, New York, 1971; 239 pp., intro., illus., map, notes, glossary, pronunciation guide, $6.95).*

BEGINNING IN 1540, when Cárdenas, one of Coronado's lieutenants, became the first outsider to make contact with the Hopi, and continuing through the intervening 430 years, there has been a persistent interest in the religion, customs, and mythology of this Indian tribe. More than seventy-five years ago, the first published account of the Hopi snake dance appeared in an eastern newspaper, and the printed accounts of this ceremony and its background alone now total hundreds of titles, ranging from brief popular descriptions in such periodicals as *Arizona Highways* through the more detailed, lengthy expositions in such works as Earl Forrest's *The Hopi Snake Dance*.

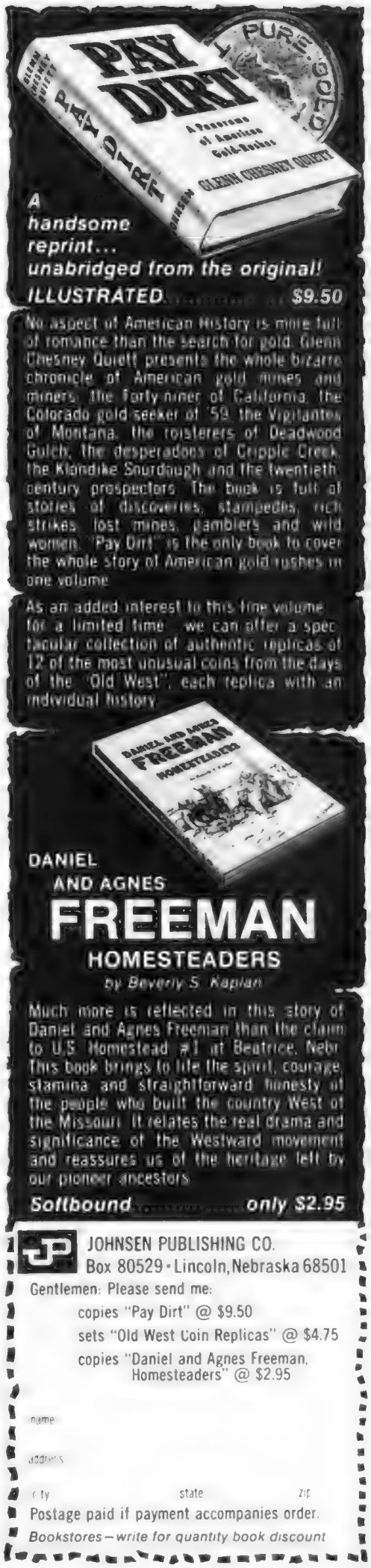
Weaving in and out of the fabric of this mass of literature is a body of traditions, myths, legends (call them what you will) detailing Hopi history as the Hopi told it. Mr. Courlander has pulled together these threads of oral history, both from published sources and from eleven informants in one Tewa (Hano) and five Hopi villages, creating a single, basic story line connecting twenty separate tales, beginning with the emergence myth and the ascendency of all the people of the earth up through three worlds and into this present fourth world, and concluding with the story of the breakup of Oraibi in 1906, when the so-called Hostiles and Friendlies had a pushing contest (tug-of-war without a rope) to determine which group should remain in possession of Oraibi, the oldest continuously inhabited town in North America. In creating these "consolidated" tales, the author has used what might be called primitive English, that is, both simple sentence structure and simpler grammar. The result is a book that, while easy to understand, may put off the adult reader with the feeling that it was meant for a much younger audience.

Mr. Courlander's attempt to distill the core or central theme from the various versions of Hopi tales is both noteworthy and praiseworthy, but such popularization is not informative for the scholar, collector, or historian already familiar with Hopi legends. A bibliography, sorely needed when a book cumulates material from other publications, is missing; and while a section titled "Notes on the Chapters" acknowledges some sources, references to such basic and classic titles as Edmund Nequatewa's *Truth of a Hopi* and Don Talayesva's *Sun Chief* can be searched for in vain.

Since much of the material offered here was collected through in-person interviews, the author's job was also that of editor, and a reviewer can always find room to criticize an editor (what he has included I would not; what I would have included he has not). Recognizing that choices had to be made, for not all possible legends could be included, I still regret some obvious omissions. While Spider Grandmother receives her share of attention, her grandsons, the Twin War Gods, who figure prominently in the Hopi pantheon, are given short shrift. Except for the emergence myth itself (the Hopi book of Genesis), probably no part of Hopi mythology is more important than the clan stories, but they are also missing for the most part.

Even with these deficiencies, this book cannot be completely disregarded. The general reader interested in the Hopi, Indian tales, and legends, and the transformation of history into oral history (and vice versa), will find this book easy to read, entertaining, and informative. The Hopi buff may find particularly helpful the nine-page section titled "Glossary and Pronunciation Guide," listing all the Hopi (and some non-Hopi) words found in the text, including the proper names. And the stylized black and white Hopi designs by Enrico Arno at the head of each chapter are delightful.

W. David Laird *is associate director of libraries for the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, and for the past five years has been compiling a comprehensive, annotated bibliography of the Hopis.*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BOOKS IN BRIEF

BY JANE M. OFFERS

The High Adventure: Canada to Mexico on Foot by Eric Ryback *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1971; 199 pp., photographs by the author, index, $6.95).*

A personal diary of a great trek, spanning 2,500 miles and 132 days, along the entire length of the Pacific Coast Trail. Beginning in June 1970, the eighteen-year-old Ryback traveled the path—alone—to Mexico and to manhood, and discovered his relationships to nature and the living West.

The Morleys: Young Upstarts on the Southwest Frontier by Norman Cleaveland, with George Fitzpatrick *(Calvin Horn Publisher, Albuquerque, 1971; 270 pp., intro., illus., index, $7.50).*

The career of William Raymond Morley, whose dealings made him one of the Southwest's most colorful figures. The many activities he pursued—manager of the Maxwell Land Grant, editor of the Cimarron *News and Press*, railroad locator—served to make this gentleman from New Mexico well-known in the 1870s.

The Frontier Merchant in Mid-America by Lewis E. Atherton *(University of Missouri, Columbia, 1971; 183 pp., illus., biblio., index, $10.00).*

The life of the pioneer merchant—who he was, what he did, his role in the community and on the frontier—is detailed in this book, the product of years of research and publication in the study of the early merchant's way of life.

Give or Take a Century: An Eskimo Chronicle by Joseph E. Senungetuk *(Indian Historian Press, San Francisco, 1971; 206 pp., intro., illus., chronology, notes, $12.95).*

The native Alaskan people's history, difficulties over the past years, and hopes for the future are told by one who is familiar with the frustrations of life for the Eskimo of today, in this book issued by an all-Indian publishing house.

Gold Rush by James Blower *(American Heritage Press, New York, 1971; 199 pp., intro., illus., $9.95).*

A pictorial history of the 1898 Klondike gold rush, and the effect on the community of Edmonton, Alberta. Most of the contemporary photographs, by W. C. Mathers and Ernest Brown, have never been published before; they appear here in rich browntone design.

Bunkhouse Papers: Reminiscences of a Distinguished Western Historian by John Upton Terrell *(Dial Press, New York, 1971; 251 pp., illus., $6.95).*

Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund, this volume is the recounting of Terrell's experiences as western tourist, cowboy, sheepherder, telephone lineman, hobo, and writer; it tells the colorful details of bunkhouse living and the lure of the life out in the open.

Phil Swing and Boulder Dam by Beverley Bowen Moeller *(University of California, Berkeley, 1971; 199 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $8.50).*

A history of a major piece of federal legislation and of the individual most responsible for its passage through Congress. This account of a dam on the Colorado River offers a new perspective on Herbert Hoover's role regarding the project.

The Car-Builder's Dictionary: An Illustrated Vocabulary of Terms Which Designate American Railroad Cars, Their Parts and Attachments 1st edition 1888; revised and enlarged edition compiled by A. M. Wellington, C. E. *(Newton K. Gregg, Publisher, Kentfield, Calif., 1971; 608 pp., preface, illus., indexes, $19.95).*

Originally published in 1888 by the Railroad Gazette as a working manual for the Master Car Builder's Association. The facsimile edition includes complete illustrations and car terminology for railroad buffs and model builders today, and is a valuable tool for students of railroad history and engineering.

Geronimo by Alexander B. Adams *(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1971; 381 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY RAYMOND F. LOCKE

PRIOR TO ITS PUBLICATION, Alexander B. Adams's *Geronimo* was touted as an "important" work, the "definitive biography of this extraordinary leader and the tragic time in which he lived, fought, and died." The book was, therefore, keenly anticipated. While there have been numerous recent works devoted exclusively to Geronimo, none of them could be described as definitive.

Nor can this one.

A bit of dead fact: Alexander B. Adams was born in New York, lives on a three-hundred-acre farm in Connecticut, has worked as a journalist, an FBI agent, and a marketing specialist. His published works include *John James Audubon: A Biography; Eternal Quest:The Story of the Great Naturalists* and *The Eleventh Hour: A Hard Look at Conservation.* We are told that "as a young boy, Alexander B. Adams knew how to rope and ride a horse and find his way through the lonely mountains of the Apaches' land," and that "in preparation for writing *Geronimo*, he returned to the country he loves so well and spent many months following the Apaches' trails in Arizona, New Mexico, Sonora, and Chihuahua and visiting Apache reservations."

What we are not told is why Adams decided to jump feet first into the abyss of western Indian history at this stage of the game and why he chose such well-plowed ground as the life of Geronimo for a beginning. I could not help but feel, in reading this work, that Adams is never quite sure of himself wearing his new cap. Perhaps, as I strongly suspect, it is because his research was not as thorough as it should have been.

Adams's accounts of Apache life style are sketchy. For instance, he devotes one short paragraph to the important Mountain Spirits Ceremony (the coming-of-age rite for Apache maidens that is commonly called the "clown dance" by whites) and fails to identify it by name.

While relying very heavily on other published works and particularly Geronimo's own account of his life, the author is still exasperatingly vague at

times, especially when it comes to names and dates. For example, at one point he credits an "Indian agent" with making an important peace with the Apaches but fails to tell us the name of the agent. Such information is easily obtainable in any number of government reports. Why Adams chose to omit so many dates for battles and other events, only he can tell.

At other times the author is irritatingly redundant. On page 88 of the book we are introduced to Cochise as "a giant, more than six feet tall, strong and straight." Only ten pages farther on, we meet Cochise again: "Unusually tall for an Apache — he was a giant standing some six feet two inches tall," etc. Too, Adams falls into the pulp fiction trap of attempting to have us believe that Cochise, glamorized by Hollywood movies, was more influential among the Apaches than Mangas Coloradas was while the latter was still alive. Cochise was probably married to both a sister and a daughter of Mangas Coloradas, and it was only after the old headman was killed on orders from General J. R. West that the younger man's influence extended much beyond his own band.

Adams does write well, but unfortunately his scholarship is suspect, even for a general audience. Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, is located some seventy miles south of the New Mexico border and less than a hundred and fifty miles southwest of El Paso, Texas. A short distance from Casas Grandes are the ruins of what was a large settlement, once inhabited by a highly civilized people. Adams tells us that "years ago they had been driven out and destroyed, perhaps by the Aztecs." The *Aztecs?* Attacking a town in northern Chihuahua? Virtually any Mexican schoolboy could tell the author that the northernmost point of Aztec military penetration was almost two thousand miles to the south.

Ad infinitum. And it's really too bad. I cannot help but feel that Adams attempted to write the definitive biography of Geronimo. And he might have succeeded had he spent a little less time "following the Apaches' trails" and a little more in the library doing some solid research.

Raymond Friday Locke, *editor of* Mankind *magazine, is author of* The American Indian *(1971); his work* The Book of the Navajo *will be published later this year.*

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The Michigan Fur Trade by Ida Amanda Johnson *(The Black Letter Press, Grand Rapids, Mich., 1971; 201 pp., maps, biblio., appen., index, $7.50).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN D. MCDERMOTT

IDA JOHNSON was the first to attempt to tell the full story of the fur trade in Michigan. The present volume is a reprint of her early work, which originally appeared in 1919 as an issue in the *Collections* of the Michigan Historical Commission.

Miss Johnson divides her subject into three periods: the French Regime, 1634–1760; the British Regime, 1760–1797; and the American Regime, 1797–1840. The French Regime dates from the visit of Jean Nicolet to Sault Ste. Marie and the Straits of Mackinac in 1634. From its inception, the French policy of trade was monopolistic; authorities gave the privilege of exporting furs to France to a succession of colonizing companies, which prohibited all trade outside of Montreal. Indians were expected to bring their furs to the trading depot. Competition from the English and the success of *coureurs de bois* resulted in a more aggressive national policy and the adoption of a license system. Active penetration of the area led to the establishment of three important fur-trading centers, at Sault Ste. Marie, Michilimackinac, and Detroit, and lesser posts in the St. Joseph, Grand, and Kalamazoo river valleys. Hostility between France and England, intensified by rivalry in furs, culminated in the intercolonial wars, which greatly hampered trade in the Great Lakes region. With the fall of Quebec in 1759, Michigan came under English rule, and the trade entered another bullish period.

In contrast to the French, the British policy was characterized by pervasiveness and permissiveness. In 1763 King George III declared that trade with Indians should be free and open to all Englishmen, providing they secure a license from colonial authorities and agree to observe all trade regulations passed from time to time. The posture led to a great influx of traders, intensive competition among them for survival, and ultimately consolidation of interests as a defense against underselling and intrigue. Merchants of Michilimackinac were the first to form a company, the Association of the General Store, in 1779, and it was followed by the great fur-trading combines, the Northwest Company in 1783–84 and the Mackinaw Company in 1787. The latter proved to be the most influential in Michigan. Fully organized by 1816, the American Fur Company soon controlled the trade in the Old Northwest and elsewhere.

Under the American regime, the fur trade in Michigan reached its height. An effort to eliminate British influence in the trade characterized the years immediately following the Revolutionary War. Even after the Jay Treaty brought such posts as Michilimackinac and Detroit under American control in 1796, British traders remained and continued to operate effectively. Not until after the War of 1812, with the barring of English citizens from participation in the fur trade, did American interests prevail. As a means of dissipating British influence and controlling the Indian trade, the United States in 1795 inaugurated the factory system, which functioned with some sustained effort from 1802 to 1822 but proved ineffective in competition with large companies and uninhibited free traders.

The fur trade in Michigan came to fruition in the 1820s. By the end of the 1830s it was in decline, and by 1850 it had almost disappeared. Miss Johnson dates the ending of the Golden Age from the retirement of John Jacob Astor from the American Fur Company in 1834. Basic to the decline, according to the author, was the exhaustion of the resource and possession of Indian land through the treaty process, which began in Michigan in 1807 and ended in 1842. In a concluding chapter, Miss Johnson attempts to describe the life of the trapper and trader, relying heavily on Chittenden's work, published in 1902.

Books and monographs on the fur trade and related subjects that have appeared since 1919 are legion and have done much to deepen and broaden knowledge of the Michigan experience. For example, works by Nelson V. Russell, *The British Regime in Michigan and the Old Northwest* (Northfield, Minnesota, 1939); Wayne E. Stevens, *The Northwest Fur Trade, 1763–1800* (Urbana, 1928); and Harold Innis, *The Fur Trade in Canada* (New Haven, 1930), examine national political and economic objectives in greater detail, while Paul C. Phillips in his monumental work *The Fur Trade* (Norman, 1961) brings a new awareness and understanding of international factors that affected colonial and territorial policy. So too has much more been learned about the life and methods of the trader, his technology and accouterments, his view of himself, and the way he appeared to his Indian customers and contemporaries. There has also been a growing appreciation of the trader as an imaginative force in literature.

Yet, *The Michigan Fur Trade* continues to be a useful work. It remains the only attempt to summarize the whole fur-trade epoch in Michigan, and it is a document of uncommon interpretive force, due to its careful organization, its sense of proportion, and the unaffected style of its author. Like much of the history of man, the history of the fur trade in Michigan from 1634 to 1840 is the story of a struggle between nations and races, and an account of the exploitation and destruction of the resources that were the cause of interaction and conflict. While the story is an old one in an old book, it is one that is clearly drawn and simply told, and one that continues to have meaning in an age of complexity and concern.

John D. McDermott, *presently serving as the assistant executive secretary of the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation, is a contributor to the Mountain Men Series published by the Arthur H. Clark Company.*

Frontier Governor: Samuel J. Crawford of Kansas by Mark A. Plummer *(University Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1971; 210 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $7.75).*

REVIEWED BY GENE M. GRESSLEY

A CLOSE LOOK at the history of bureaucracy in this country, national, territorial, or state, reveals the activity of dozens of minor political figures, their fame fleeting, frequently deservedly so, their impact almost imperceptible.

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Continued on page 62

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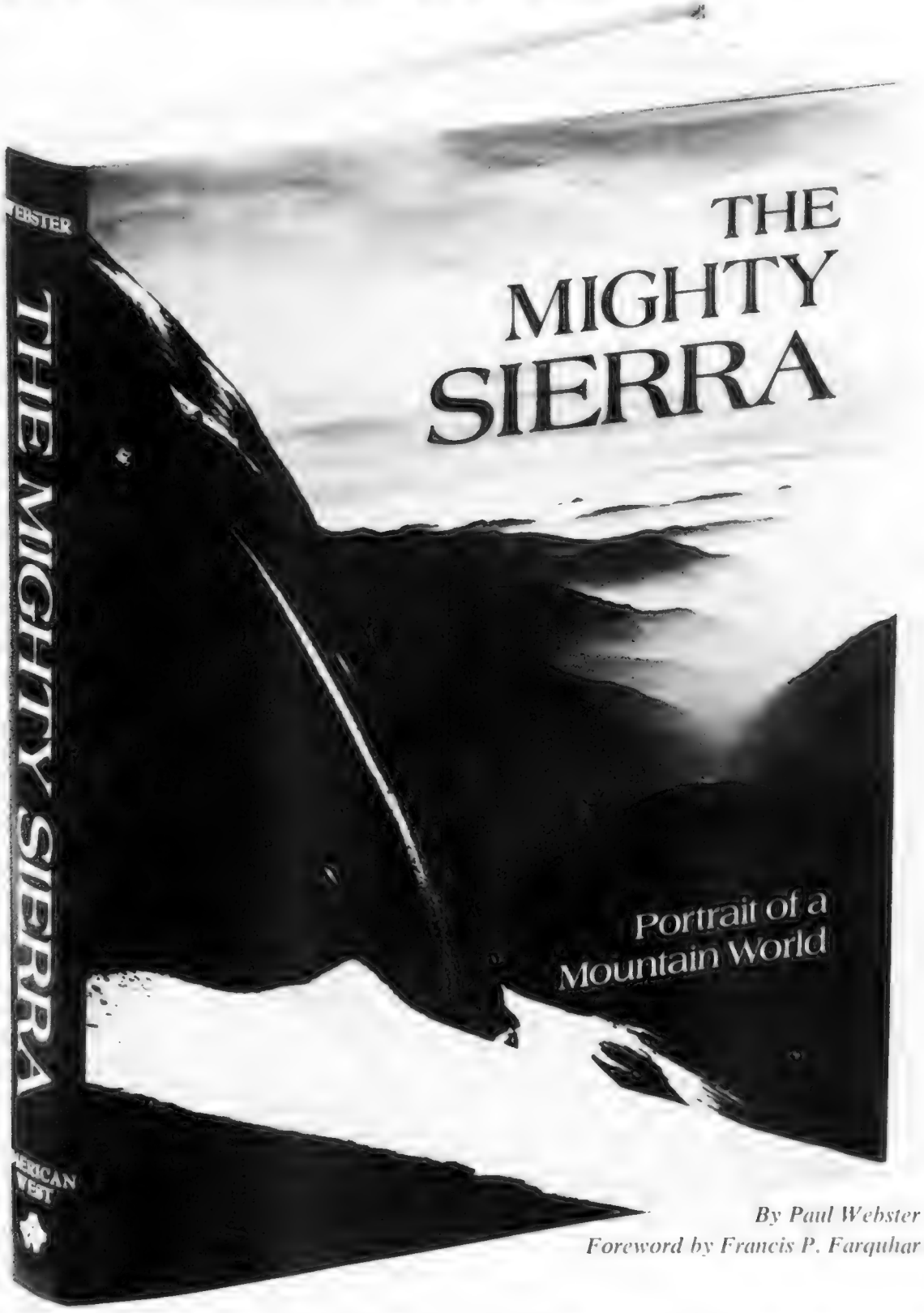

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FRONTIER GOVERNOR

(Continued from page 60)

Crawford had little to distinguish him from the thousands of other immigrants who came, innocently, in search of opportunity, which frequently meant free or cheap land. Five years later, after a dashing military career, Crawford became governor of Kansas—his mobility so fast that it would undoubtedly delight future Turnerians.

Although elected more for what he was not than for what he was, Crawford did a good job in his two terms as governor, dealing successfully with one problem after another, from state bond sales, to immigration, to land issues (both railroad and Indian), to Indian wars. If Crawford did not always overcome the challenges of his office, he certainly managed to fumble less than most chief executives on the frontier.

If fortune did not favor Crawford with a political hereafter, he did have the capacity to avoid penury, the fate that struck so many local western politicians. Appointed in 1877 as Kansas claims agent, on a commission basis to recover federal lands for his state, he so successfully prosecuted Kansas's position that he left a substantive estate. The reader would have appreciated a more detailed description of Crawford's career as a claims agent, which period of his life, after all, was longer than that of his governorship. That Crawford was able to reap substantial personal gain and at the same time keep all political parties at bay represented a significant feat. Disillusionment marked the twenty-two years that remained after Crawford left his claims office. He spent them attacking imperialism, trusts, and the tariff, switching to the Democratic Party and telling stories of other days, many of which never existed. Some of these tales he later incorporated in his autobiographical *Kansas in the Sixties*.

Frontier Governor is a workmanlike, solid, competent, and compact biography of one of the West's minor-key figures. Samuel Crawford deserved this resurrection; Plummer should be commended for recognizing that fact.

Gene M. Gressley *is a professor of history and director of the Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming.*

Ghost Towns of the West by William Carter and Jack McDowell *(Lane Magazine and Book Company, Menlo Park, California, 1971; 256 pp., intro., illus., maps, selected readings, $11.75).*

REVIEWED BY DONALD E. BOWER

THE EDITORS of Sunset Books have created a delightful and somewhat nostalgic memento to the past, an album in color, black and white, and duotones of those instant cities of the fabulous gold-rush era. It is fortunate that much of *Ghost Towns of the West* included dozens of new photographs, preserving on film a segment of physical history that is rapidly vanishing from the American West. As the authors point out, "Everyone is taking to the backroads, looking for destinations—and the frail ghost towns are an obvious target. So critical has the situation become that . . . many of our ghost towns are in danger of disappearing altogether."

William Carter, responsible for most of the present-day photography in the volume, obviously has a sensitivity for the period and the ability to interpret through his lens the pathos and the pride, the dreams and the desolation that punctuated these boom-and-bust towns.

While the historian may fault the lack of more text and the continuity so vital to a narrative of this period, the volume does include a good balance of seldom-seen historical photographs of some of the personalities of that era, intermingled with current Carter photographs of the remnants of the places where such personages as Lotta Crabtree, Lola Montez, Geronimo, and Kit Carson once roamed the mining centers.

Comprehensive in its scope, though not in its depth, *Ghost Towns of the West* will be an ideal companion to those readers who appreciate the fascination of our gold-rush past and wish to seek it out and walk the rotting sidewalks and meander among the tired, faded buildings. In its 256 pages, the book covers the entire West: California and the Comstock, the Rocky Mountains, the Northwest and the Southwest; and each area is preceded by a detailed map, providing the ghost town explorer with the highway routes that lead into the past.

Donald E. Bower *is editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

Chief Bowles and the Texas Cherokees by Mary Whatley Clarke *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1971; 148 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $6.95).*

REVIEWED BY MARY GORMLY

THIS BOOK covers another sad chapter in the forced removal of the Cherokee nation. The Cherokee removal from Georgia and the Trail of Tears are well known, but not so the tribulations of another group that was forced from the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee to Missouri, then to Arkansas and finally eastern Texas.

In Texas the Cherokee struggled for twenty years to obtain legal title to their lands, mostly under the leadership of Chief Bowles. Bowles was born in North Carolina about 1756; his mother was Cherokee and it is believed his father was a Scotch-Irish trader. He became chief of the Cicamouga Cherokee some years before their arrival in 1819.

Although the Mexican government and later the provisional government of Texas acknowledged the Cherokee claim to their lands, Chief Bowles wanted legal title. His many attempts to obtain it failed; first, because of changes in the Mexican government and, later, because of the onset of the Texas Revolution. The Cherokees remained neutral during the Texas struggle for independence in spite of pressures by Mexican agents to get them to fight. Sam Houston as president of Texas tried to help them and treaties were signed, but his successor, Mirabeau Lamar, was determined to rid Texas of all Indians.

Texas was being terrorized by the raids of the Comanches and Kiowas and all Indians including the Cherokees were being blamed for the raids. Also the white man was encroaching on the rich lands of the Cherokees. Voluntary removal was demanded but the Cherokees refused because they had no place to go.

A battle against a superior number of Texans was fought on July 15, 1839; two days later there was a complete rout and Chief Bowles was brutally killed.

The author, using many primary sources, has constructed the first full-length biography of Chief Bowles, which is interwoven with the political maneuverings of both the Mexicans and the Anglos for control of Texas. The Cherokees were often in the middle. There was no justification of the harsh treatment they received. Their only crime was that they had the rich lands the white men wanted and their forced removal was actually in the nature of a land grab.

Today the descendants of these Cherokees are trying to get reimbursement for the lands that were taken from their tribe but with little success. It seems that very little has changed in the treatment of the Indians since Chief Bowles struggled to help his people.

Mary Gormly *is reference librarian at California State College, Los Angeles.*

CALIFORNIA WATER

(Continued from page 54)

rivers, and that its present logic spells possible destruction of one of the West's environmental treasures: the superb estuarine world of the San Francisco Bay–Sacramento Delta region.

The conclusions put forth so solidly by *California Water* have implications far beyond the boundaries of California: for the traditional logic that produced the California Water Project is running rampant throughout the West. Aside from the Snake River Project, already started, there are a number of similarly ambitious enterprises dreamed of by water engineers. For example, there is a plan on the drawing board designed to siphon off the flow of nearly every free-flowing stream in the state of Texas; for another, the Bureau of Reclamation has never really abandoned its vision of using Columbia River water to replenish the flow of the overcommitted and overdammed Colorado; and for another, there is always the grandaddy of all water projects to think about: the desire of the North American Water and Power Alliance to dam up most of the Rocky Mountain Trench, converting it into a gargantuan lake.

As articulated in *California Water*, one state's experience with hydrological overkill should stand as a warning to the whole West that it is time we stopped to take another long, hard look at the way we are moving the earth around—before it is too late.

T. H. Watkins *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of two recent books:* The Water Hustlers *(with Robert H. Boyle and John Graves) and* Gold and Silver in the West *(American West Publishing Company, 1971).*

RED MAN'S LAND

(Continued from page 49)

of tribes, confusion between state and federal jurisdiction over Indians and Indian lands, a series of broken treaties, and an ultimate war of extermination—all were matters of federal concern.

In 1871 Congress abandoned the treaty-making system, at the same time affirming the validity of those treaties already made. One aspect of the new policy was to encourage breaking up of the extensive tribal lands and to allot them to individual Indians in tracts of 160 acres or less. Reform-minded whites believed that through private ownership of land the Indian might better become integrated into white society. Other non-Indians saw in individual ownership an opportunity to acquire Indian lands at favorable prices. Neither group manifested consideration for the Indian culture and its values.

With his military effectiveness destroyed and tribal governments reduced to impotency, the American Indian of the twentieth century experienced new lows in economic impoverishment and social degradation. The tribal lands had provided the material and spiritual basis of his culture. The order and sense of community often observed in early Indian communities were replaced with a pattern of poverty, ignorance, and ill health. Later the policy was reversed, but not before much of the Indian's land had been lost. Insecurity was further aggravated by termination legislation, passed by Congress at mid-century, which aimed to end tribal status (and the benefits derived therefrom) and to accelerate integration. Although allotment and termination legislation were designed to expedite the assimilation of the Indian into the dominant American community, the results of both were disastrous in that they ignored Indian traditions and cultural values by assuming that Indians shared the objectives and values of white Americans. Experience demonstrated the error in that assumption and compelled policy reversal.

Recognizing the special relationship of the Indian to the land, Part III examines both historical and contemporary aspects of Indian land tenures—significant cases in which Indian titles have been adjudicated, and the work of the

Indian Claims Commission established by Congress to hear and determine claims for fair compensation for lands purchased by the government from the tribes for unconscionably low prices. Although the commission is intended to handle claims based upon "fair and honorable dealings and to consider moral as well as legal claims," its objectives have not been fully realized. What was essentially a court of equity has become enmeshed in bureaucratic legalisms with resulting prejudice to Indian claimants. The author concludes, "The attempt to distribute justice a hundred years late is difficult to sustain." The land-related problems of the Alaskan Indians, the Oklahoma Indians, and the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are discussed.

The final part of the book looks at the Indian people and their personal status under the white man's law, examining the legal definition of an Indian, his constitutional rights, his position before the agencies of government established to deal with his problems, and his relationship to others in white society, including educators, anthropologists, and liberals. Here, too, he is an object often of exploitation, occasionally of sympathy, but seldom of understanding. As I interpret it, the author's theme is that, until understanding is achieved, efforts of governments and groups and individuals to deal with the "Indian problem" are likely to meet with frustration.

The future of the American Indian before the law is not clear. He cannot turn back the clock and regain what he has lost; but it is certain that he, like other Americans, will develop culturally, socially, and economically. Probably his optimum goal lies somewhere between assimilation into the white community and full sovereignty over the lands he now occupies, contended for by the Indians of the New Left. The responsibility of the government is to provide a framework of law that will afford him the opportunity heretofore denied—the opportunity to be an Indian. Nearly a hundred years ago, when asked why he did not surrender to white soldiers, the Sioux statesman Sitting Bull is reported to have replied: "Because I am a red man. If the Great Spirit had desired me to be a white man he would have made me so in the first place. He put in your heart certain wishes and plans, in my heart he put other and different desires. Each man is good in his sight. It is not necessary for eagles to be crows." (Armstrong, *I Have Spoken*, 1971.) After a century, perhaps the words of Sitting Bull may be heard by America's lawmakers.

I commend this book. It presents in an orderly and lucid manner a great deal of information that otherwise might not be accessible to the general reader. But it does more. It helps the thoughtful reader in his thinking, not only about the Indian, but about America.

Paul E. Wilson *is Kane Professor of Law at the University of Kansas, Lawrence. He is a director of the Kansas State Historical Society.*

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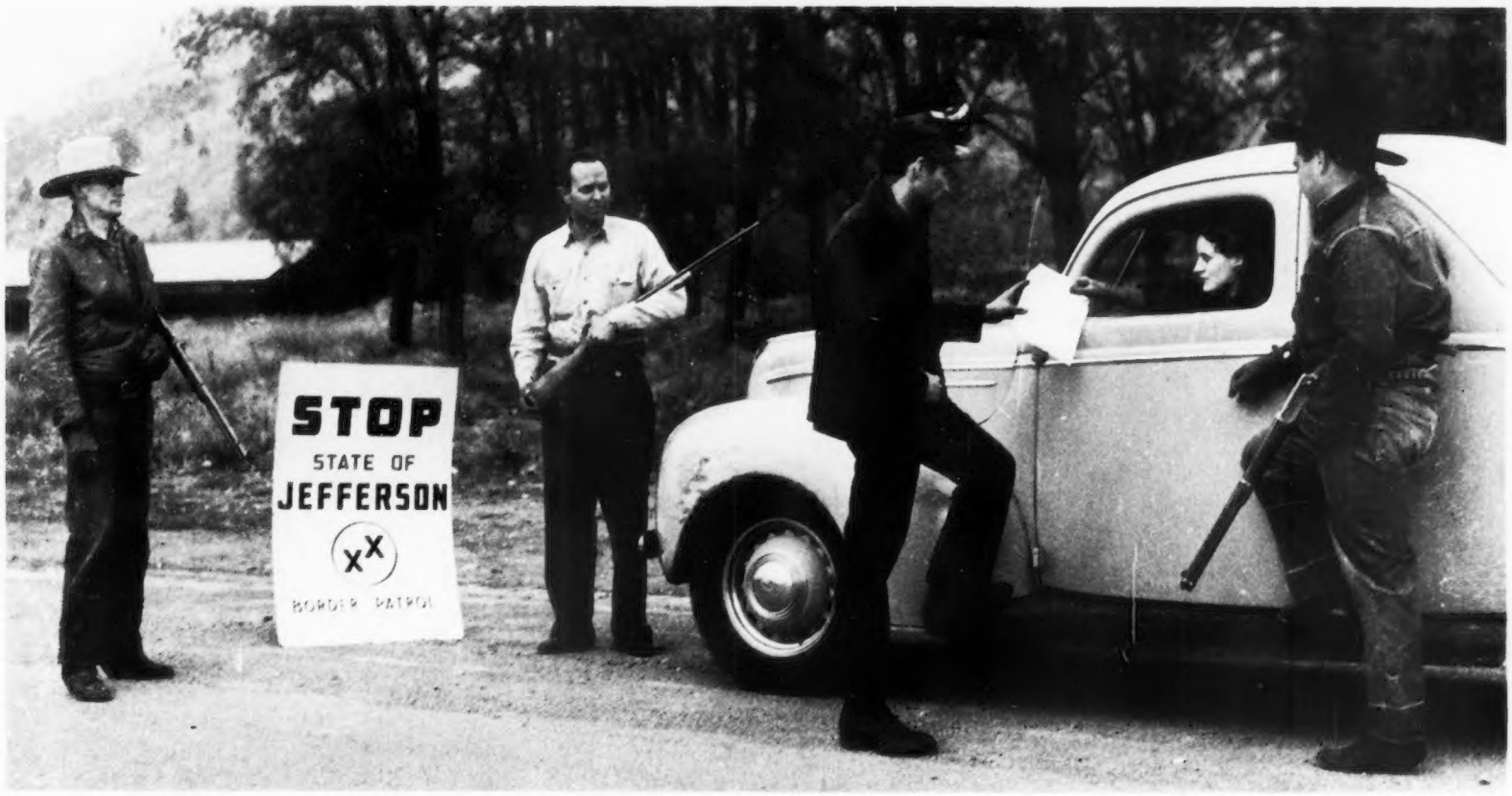
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